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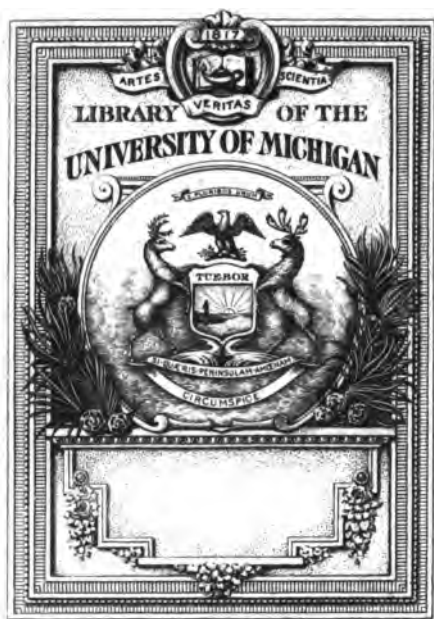
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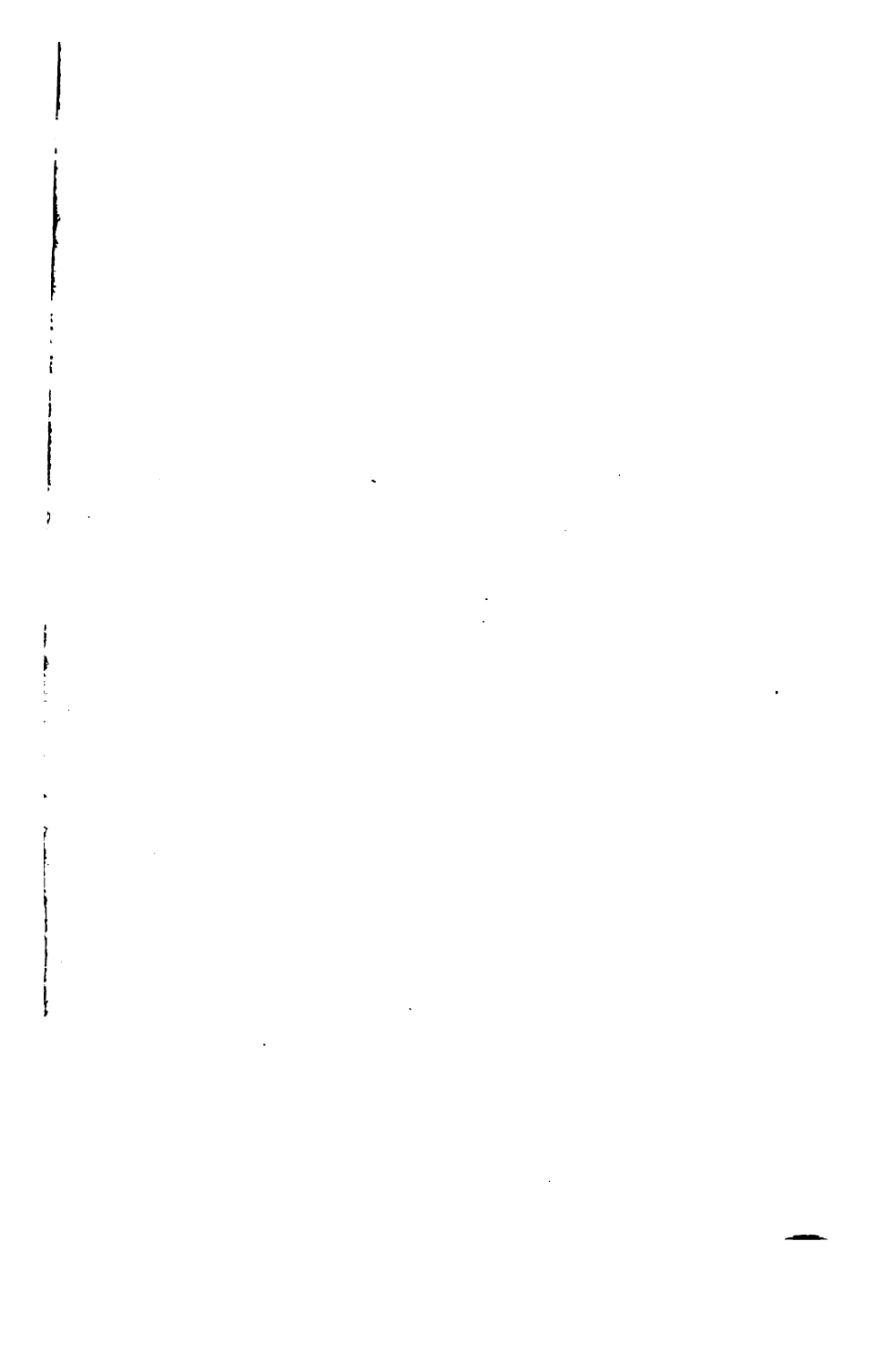
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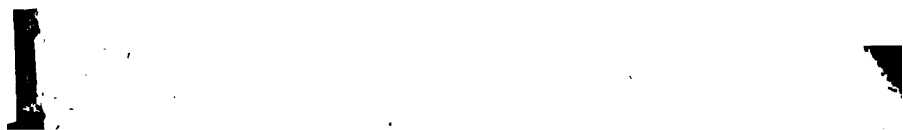








You in the hands of the Gospel
Devin Osborne





INDIA AND ITS MILLIONS

BY

REV. DENNIS OSBORNE,

MUSSOORIE, INDIA.



WITH PORTRAIT AND PHOTO-ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA,
GRANT & FAIRES,
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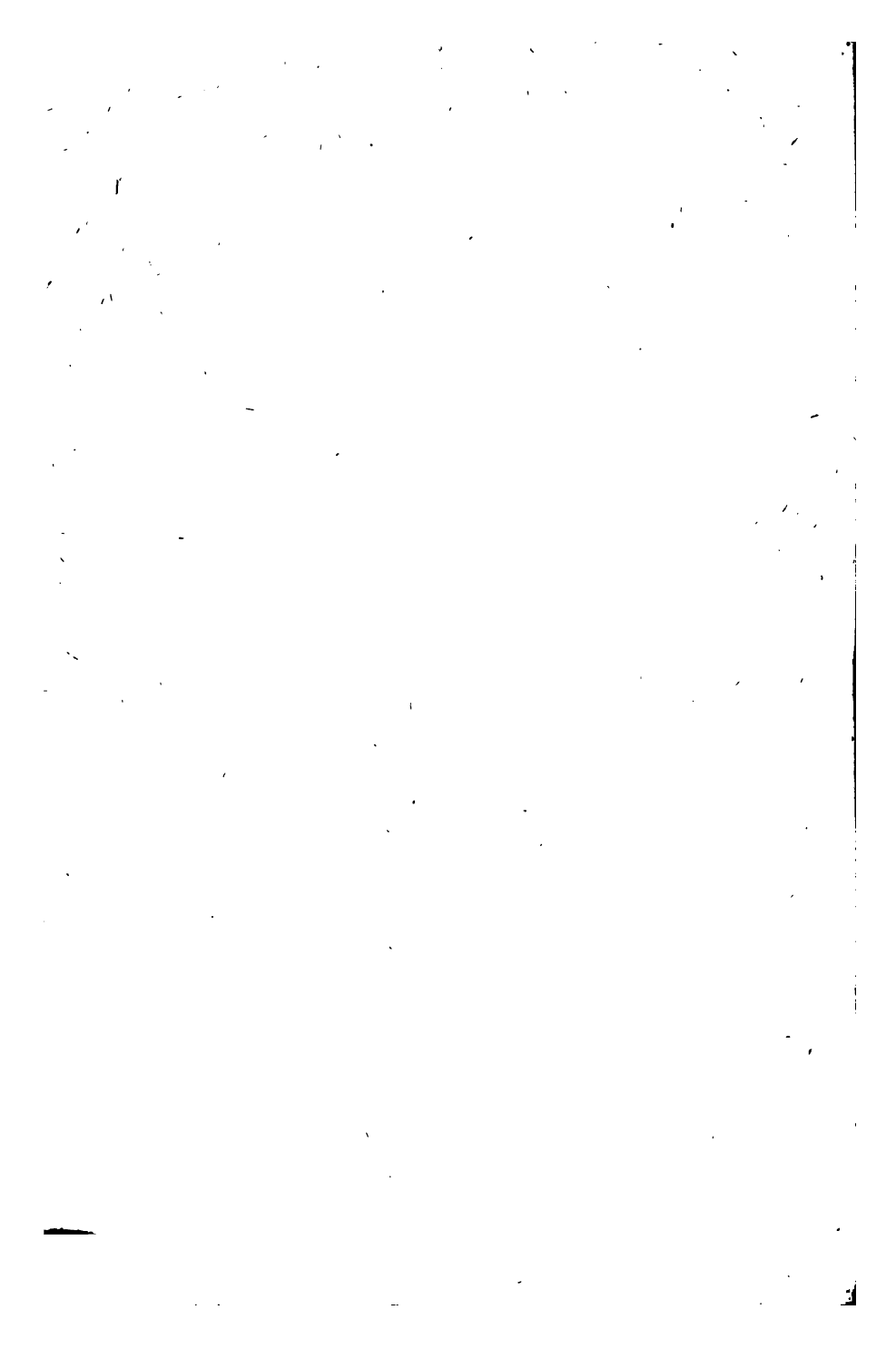
HONORED AND BELOVED BROTHER :—

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of offering to you this little volume of LECTURES ON INDIA. Your long connection with, and profound interest in the progress of the gospel in heathen lands, makes such a dedication manifestly appropriate, while my deep obligations to you during my visit to this country, and the closeness and tenderness of our relations which your generous sympathy and active help have inspired and encouraged, make this a peculiarly personal and precious privilege.

That God may long preserve a life which has been of so much value to the cause of truth, and enrich it with His choicest favors, shall ever be the prayer of your much attached and deeply obliged fellow-worker in the Gospel,

DENNIS OSBORNE.

Philadelphia, September 5, 1884.



PREFATORY NOTE
BY
BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR,
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

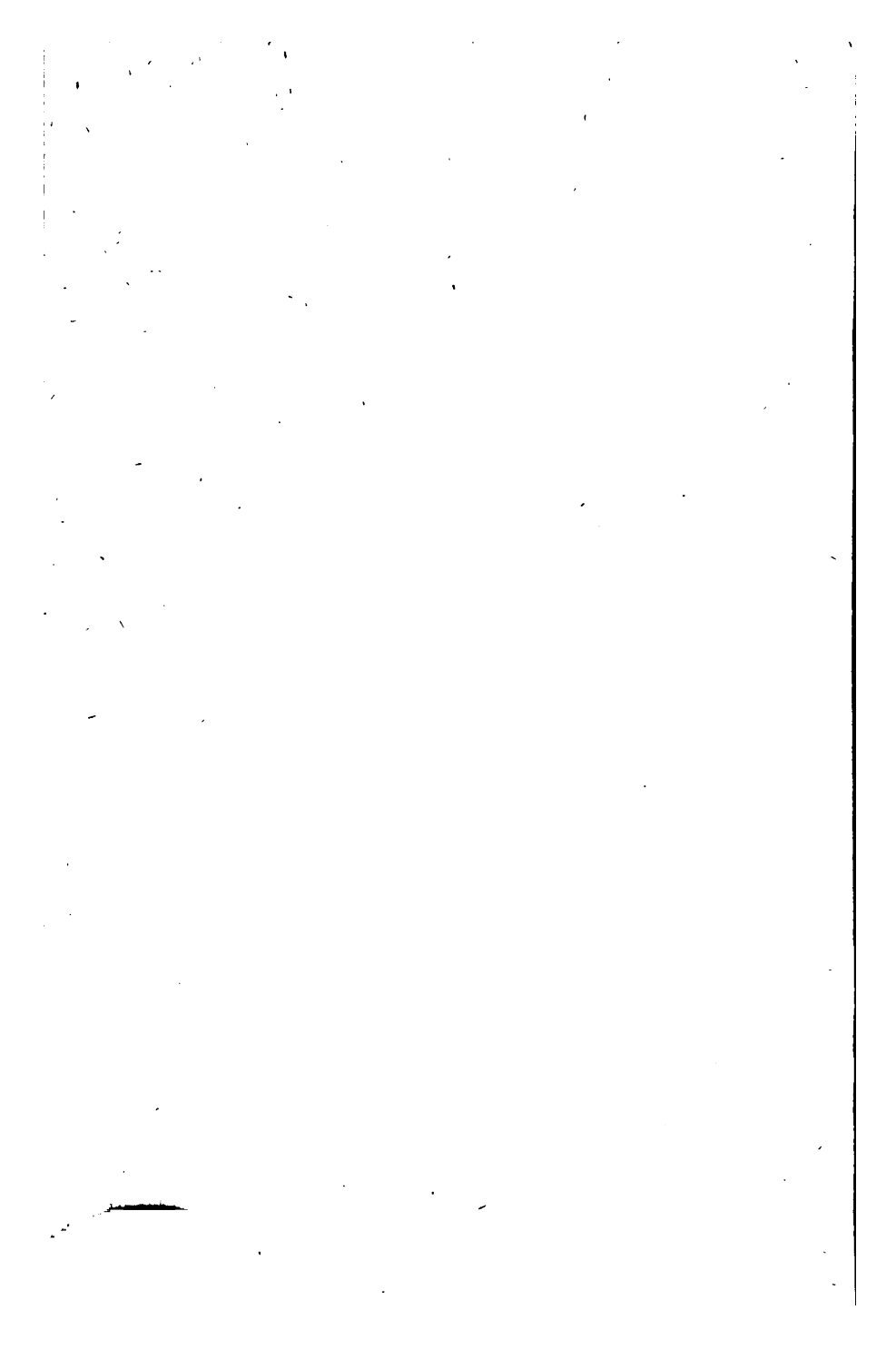
MY friend, DENNIS OSBORNE, was the ministerial delegate who represented the South India Conference in the General Conference recently held in Philadelphia. Born in the City of Benares, the most holy place of the Brahmans, his person is sacred in the sight of the Hindus. The purity of his heart, the brilliancy of his intellect, the symmetry of his character, the success of his ministry, the eloquence of his utterances, mark him as a marvelous man. The Presbyterian missionaries of

India wrote such glowing accounts of his wonderful power as a lecturer to Mr. George H. Stuart, and to the leading Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia, that, had they not personally known the men who wrote, they would not have dared to publish them. They did publish them, and now those ministers and the hearers who thronged their churches to hear the distinguished stranger, together with the professors and students of Princeton (whither he went by special invitation), declare, with unanimity, that the lectures greatly exceed the fame of the lecturer. At the request of many persons, those lectures, beaming with real life and poetic common sense, have been put into book form that they might be preserved, and placed within reach of all who read.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

CONTENTS.

I.	PAGE.
HEADLANDS OF INDIAN HISTORY	I
II.	
VEDISM ; OR, SPECULATIVE HINDUISM	30
III.	
GANGA MAI ; OR, PRACTICAL HINDUISM	75
IV.	
DAL BHAT ; OR, THE HINDU AT HOME	128
V.	
MISSION MOSAICS	177



I,
HEADLANDS
OF
INDIAN HISTORY.

INDIA :—Think of a continent, embracing an area of one million four hundred and seventy-four thousand six hundred and six square miles, as large as all of Europe together, Russia excluded; in shape, a triangle, with its base buried under the snows of the Himalayas, the apex within a few degrees of the equator, the two sides washed by the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean. The area of British India alone—that is, subject to the crown of England—is twelve times that of Great Britain and Ireland, seven times that of France. The position of this great continent is commanding and suggestive of peculiar strength, and it is safe to affirm that it has been the theatre of the most eventful history in the oldest and most extensive quarter of the globe.

Its physical features are striking and beautiful. Upon the north there towers up the lofty mountain wall, known as the Himalayan range. For fifteen hundred miles it

rears its barrier, with immovable granite for a foundation, and glistening snow for a capstone. More than a score of peaks cleave the sky, each loftier than Mount Blanc, the Alpine giant. The highest summits look down upon you from a perpendicular height of five miles. At the feet of this unparalleled mountain range, fertile valleys smile, jungles rustle with fierce and untamed denizens, while sparkling streams break from lofty glaciers, and rushing, roaring and reverberating, carry beauty and fertility to the plains below. First, the grand plateau of Hindustan proper, a mosaic of variegated beauty, electric with historic associations; then lower down, the Southland known as the Deccan, girdled with hills sloping down in steps (*ghauts*) to the sea.

The population of India, even for a country so vast, is immense. Two hundred and sixty-three millions, increasing at the rate of a half per cent. per annum. Of this population more than two hundred and sixty-one millions are non-Christians, thus :

Hindus	201,907,602
Mahomedans	50,121,585
Other religions	9,108,179
	<hr/>
	261,137,366

In natural resources and wealth of product, India has nothing to fear from comparison with the most favored tracts. Max Müller says : " If I were to look over the whole earth to find out the country most richly endowed

with all the wealth, power and beauty that nature can bestow, in some parts a very paradise on earth, I should point to India." This eulogium is not extravagant. In respect of her botanical treasures, her zoological products, her harvests of field and garden and orchard, her wealth of flower and foliage, she is more completely the epitome of the world than any other country. The soil of India, though roughly and ungratefully treated, responds to the ploughshare's call with singular generosity. The treasures of her forests, her mines and her mountains, have enriched nations. The overflow of her wealth has raised bankrupt kingdoms to affluence, and hungry potentates have eaten of the crumbs from her table, and become fat. Her own governors and princes snatched one-half if not two-thirds of her produce as their own; the present government demands one-third, yet the generous mother supports her numerous offspring upon the ample residue of her produce.

Is this great country the abode of untutored savages? On the contrary, when the great western nations were sitting in darkness and barbarism, India was leading the van in civilization, culture and material prosperity. In mathematics, science and philosophy, her sages first mapped out the path of progress. Their torches first broke the darkness. It is true that many of their deductions were crude and erroneous, but they prove nevertheless that an inquiring mind was fluttering in the breast of

India, knocking at the door of knowledge, while all the world around lay utterly benumbed and dormant. In metaphysical subtlety, in mental casuistic science, indeed, she had advanced even then so far, that the fleetest of her pursuers in a race of ages, with the seven-leagued boots of nineteenth century progress, have not overtaken her. Much of the glittering idealism of the present day, is only the time-worn speculation of the ancient Hindu philosopher. Disgusted and dissatisfied, the old Indo Aryan sage threw the nauseating compound out of doors ; the modern Anglo Aryan picks it up, dusts away the cobwebs, puts a glittering label on it, and brings it forth, triumphantly, as a brand-new philosophy of his own special manufacture.

Such is the country, and such the people, whose life and character we are called upon to explore. Like the configuration of the continent itself, an uncertain sea rolls along the main sides of her history, a sea of myth and legend, with waves of opaline hue which dazzle, yet fail to illumine. Looking out upon this "waste of waters," we fix our eyes upon some sturdy headlands which rise from its surface, and following their rough outlines, strive to map the form of the immense yet invisible coast line.

What is that distant and shadowy crag standing out in dim outline against the sky, at whose feet the waves of thirty-three centuries break? It is the first tradition

of Hindu history preserved in the great epic poem known as the Maha Bhārata, whose scenes date about B. C. 1500. The Hindus have no prose history. They have names which can be compared with Homer, Euripides and Virgil, but none that can be compared with Herodotus, Thucydides, or Tacitus. Ask a Hindu for a history of his country, and he puts into your hands epic and mythological poems like the Maha Bhārata, Rāmāyāna and Purānas, infinitely more extravagant and less credible than the *Æneid* and *Paradise Lost*.

The oldest of these records, the Maha Bhārata, is embellished with the warmest coloring of oriental imagination, and it is impossible to separate fact from fable, legend from history. It is useful, however, as giving the earliest account of the administration and institutions of those early times. The Rājputs (literally sons of Rājas, or kings) were the soldier tribe of ancient India, and represented kingly authority and conquering power. The truest type of the powerful Aryan (noble) stock, they soon established a dominant sway over the aboriginal or pre-Aryan races, and established kingdoms with feudal institutions like that of Europe in the Middle Ages. The Rāja was ruler or sovereign of his own kingdom; he was supported by hereditary crown lands, and protected by a military following of greater or less strength. His nobles were chiefs of principalities with their own retain-

ers and dependents, who, in time of need, were at the command of the Rāja. There were constant feuds between the Rājas of neighbouring kingdoms, and the sceptre of temporary supremacy passed from hand to hand according to the strength of the grip which swayed it. This supreme power was, for the time being, the Suzerain or Sovereign to whom the lesser dignities paid homage and allegiance. While these dignities strove, sword in hand, for the mastery, evolving ephemeral kingdoms and conquests, the grinding task of cultivating the soil devolved upon the rough peasantry, who were defrauded of their rights by oppressive exactions, if not by positive plunder.

The great poem already named, begins with the exploits of Bhārata, a mythical hero, who is said to have conquered all India. Of course, he had a romantic history. His mother was the heroine Sakantala, the wife of Rāja Rashyanta, who cruelly deserted his spouse before Bhārata was born. The queen brought up her son in the jungle, where he was seen by his father years afterwards, playing with lions. The old Rāja, recognizing his son, received his spouse into his favor, and thus Bhārata became the prince royal of the kingdom, and on his father's death, assumed the sceptre which he swept on every side with a mighty hand.

Another epic poem, called the Rāmāyana, furnishes a later glimpse of Hindu rule and society, and mainly

strengthens the dim outlines of the previous record.* One change is manifest, and that is full of significance. In the oldest poem, there is recognition of the four distinctive castes of Kshatriyas (soldiers), Brahmans (priests), Vaisyas (merchants), and Sudras (common people), and these relative grades appear as here given, the brahmans being represented as inferior to the soldier caste. In the latter poem, the priestly caste is designedly represented as supreme, and thus sacerdotal craft, casting aside disguise, boldly assumes the sceptre of universal supremacy, under whose iron sway the religious and political life of India has writhed in torture for more than three thousand years.

These early rocks are black with the corrosion of religious putridity. Idolatry, with its attendant cruelties and superstitions, caste bigotries and a domineering sacerdotalism, with blacker shades as the headlands come nearer to us, darken these ancient records and shew both the antiquity and the intensity of the evil. The next rock, nearer and more distinct, yet still wrapt in shadows, represents the great reaction against Brahmanism, led by Buddha Goutama, about 500 B. C. The religious aspect and influence of this reformation will be dwelt on in its proper place.† It is sufficient here to say

* These poems bear to the Hindu more interest religiously than they do politically or historically. A synopsis of their contents, as related to systematic Hinduism, will be found in its proper place.

† Lecture II.

that its political influence was deep and far-reaching. Buddhism artfully pushed its wedges into the yawning crevices of the old system, which crumbled on every side; crowns and kingdoms bowed to its politico-religious power, until, under King Asoka, 250 B. C., a consolidated empire with a religious substratum, rears its bold headland-front above the uncertain waves.

Of this period, however, we have no certain and continuous history. Great names we have, names of renowned conquerors and great kings, but all is hopelessly intertwined with legendary extravagance, defying all historical analysis.

A long period of national existence is thus passed over unmarked and uncharted. Kingdoms were consolidated and broken up; independent but petty chieftenships coalesced into mighty sovereignty under vigorous hands, and again melted away under improvident or impotent successors; a high order of civilization reached its climax, and then flowed backward upon itself; the wheel of progress obeyed the mighty impulse, and carried the people on to the gates of national prosperity, when, struck by the narrow bigotry of a selfish priesthood, they rolled backward, carrying the people down to the lowest water-mark of moral and intellectual life.

Thus weakened and divided, the Hindus tempted foreign invasion. Custodians of the accumulations of centuries, the key of the vast treasure-house trembled

in palsied hands. In the eleventh century of our era, the Mahomedan invader, Mahmúd of Ghazni, darted down from the rugged mountains of Afghánistan upon the paralyzed nation and wrested the key from the feeble grip of the Hindu. In twenty-five years he overran the wealthy plains of India no less than twelve times, at each expedition carrying away treasures and slaves, until his own capital in Ghazni sparkled with plundered gold and gems, and Hindu slaves could not find purchasers in his markets at a dollar apiece! Mahmúd forced the famous temple of Somnáth, in Western India, after a sanguinary resistance, with hope of finding rare treasures. Entering the temple, he beheld a huge wooden pillar for an idol, which the priests were anxious to ransom, but found no spoils. Disappointed and incensed, Mahmúd struck the pillar violently with his mace, when, breaking to pieces, out fell a great heap of rubies and diamonds which had been secreted there. In 1157, the Mahomedan conquerors subjugated the Hindu states of Ajmer, Behár, Bengál and Oudh. Incessant warfare followed. Storm after storm of encroachment, invasion and conquest succeeded, with all their dire entailments of distress, degradation and disaster. All Northern India lay at the feet of the conquerors; in the Deccan or South alone, a hardy clan, the Mahrattas, struggled desperately for independence, not without success.

It was in this political condition that the British rule

began in India. It grew out of a trading company. The first English company for trading with East India was formed in 1599, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in England, and the Great Mogal, Akbar, in India. The charter was issued in 1600. The first English factory was established at Surat, on the western sea board. Bombay, the great trade gate of India, then an insignificant town, was shortly added. In Bengal, a small factory at Hooghly was opened later on, and thereafter removed to Calcutta, then but a cluster of squalid villages. The first soil actually possessed by the British in India was the present site of Madras; it was acquired by purchase, and measured six miles long and one broad. Thus trading was begun and vigorously carried on at each of the several important sea-ports of India. Small forces of European troops were maintained at each of these factories for purposes of self-defence. Governmental and administrative functions were exercised within the limits of the British possessions. The first and only design of the foreign settlers up to this was money-making; but a train of unforeseen events swept them onward, and resulted in the consolidation of an empire.

It was in Madras that the English were first involved in war. The French, who were in the country before them, jealous of their rising prosperity, determined to drive them out. A long battle for existence followed. The daring and resourcefulness of Clive, then but a

young captain, but destined hereafter to be the founder of the British Empire in India, frustrated the enemy, and dispelled for ever their dream of a French Empire in the East.

Difficulties, however, soon arose in the North. The Nabob of Bengal, enraged by the most moderate and rational resistance by the English of his despotic demands, marched upon Calcutta in 1756, with fifty thousand troops. The post surrendered after a siege of four days. The governor and military commander with the women and children retreated to the shipping. The remainder of the European residents, one hundred and forty-six in all, were thrust into a guard-room, eighteen feet square, and all but twenty-three smothered to death. This is remembered as the tragedy of the "black hole of Calcutta."

Clive was sent from Madras to avenge the catastrophe. On 2d January, 1757, he retook Calcutta, and on 23d June, fought the decisive battle of Plassey. The Nabob marshalled a force of thirty-five thousand foot, fifteen thousand horse and fifty guns. The English had but three thousand men and eight guns. No wonder even Clive hesitated. Failure meant destruction, extinction. In the council of war, Clive himself voted against fighting. This was the first and the last council of war he ever held. In the night, while musing in a mango grove, he resolved to strike. Next morning, he set his little

force boldly in motion, and bore down impetuously upon his unwieldy foe. A short but sanguinary struggle ensued, and the field was won. The opposing general was killed, the Nabob fled on his swiftest dromedary, and the smoke of the battle field broke upon a dawning empire. This great victory virtually made the English masters of India.

A hundred years of eventful history follow. On the part of the English, enlarged conquests and broad accessions of territory, often necessary and lawful, but sometimes culpable if not positively criminal. The consolidation of a few trading factories into a vast and powerful empire; the establishment of administrative institutions commensurate with the vast territory and its manifold exigencies; the equipment of a large and well-disciplined army, with a strong preponderation of native soldiery; the diffusion of knowledge and the extension of the various appliances of civilized life, are the chief features of that century of British domination and power under the auspices of the Hon. East India Company. But that century was a period of probation and opportunity for higher ends. Christian in name and by profession,—was there no object loftier than mere gain and material culture in the providential giving over of this great Eastern nation to England? Assuredly there was, and this could be nothing else or less than that the nation so long enthralled in heathen bondage should be released from

captivity by the missionary zeal and fidelity of its professedly Christian governors.

Was this purpose fulfilled? The shameful complicities with heathen rites and idolatrous ceremonies, the frequent sacrifice of principle at the shrine of mercenary policy, the positive hindrances to missionary effort, compelling the first pioneers of the mission field to seek the protection of foreign flags, and retarding the labors of their successors after they had made good their footing, furnish the sad and significant answer. A hundred years of probation, and of unfaithfulness; of opportunity misused and advantage abused! What wonder that the whelming tempest was loosed, and a hurricane of fire swept over the unfaithful administration? *

To the devout student of history, the finger of flame which, in 1857, moved across the dark firmament of Indian history, wrote in no uncertain characters the doom of retributive dissolution, TEKEL, "weighed in the bal-

*The Rt. Rev. D. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, in a sermon preached in 1857, upon the great Rebellion, points out the delinquency of the ruling power in such forcible language, as follows:

"India would seem to have been ruled too much in former times on the theory that God is not the Governor of the world, but that Satan is the power whom it is wiser and safer to fear. I fear we have too much continued in the spirit, if not in the acts of our fathers. Even in our own times, I remember well the struggle of twenty long years under the great and eminent Wilberforce, that was necessary to secure a free admission of our Missionaries into India. I remember the cruel treatment of Dr. and

ance and found wanting!" The conflagration was sudden and signal. Exactly a hundred years from Plassey, the nation arose to cast off the yoke of foreign rule. The reasons for this general movement are disputed. It is clear, however, that a long remembrance of wrongs and injuries, fomented by interested partisans, native and foreign, was at the bottom of this widespread and disastrous rebellion. This spirit seized the opportunity which a pampered and disaffected native army afforded, and employed the inflammable match of religious fanaticism to strike the flame. Rumors that the government were determined to destroy the caste of the native soldiery were studiously propagated, and soon the secret fanaticism of the whole race was fired.

That a secret combination of great strength was maturing to overthrow the British rule by a simultaneous uprising throughout the empire, now appears all but certain. If such a concerted attempt had been made, it

Mrs. Judson, whom I knew at Moulmein; the forced resort of Dr. Carey and his pious companions to the Danish settlement of Serampore; the prohibition to Dr. Buchanan to publish his sermons on the prophecies; the disgraceful delay in disconnecting Government with the pilgrimages to Juggarnath; and the salutes to idols and other ceremonies at Madras, which compelled the noble and brave Sir Peregrine Maitland to resign. Even my amiable and beloved friend and brother Bishop Corrie was rebuked by the Madras Government, in 1836, for the mildest exercise of what he considered his appropriate duty in expressing his sympathy with Sir Peregrine on that occasion."

is difficult to conceive how the English power could have survived the attack. The danger was all the greater since an infatuation of security and confidence in the native soldiery, completely lulled the authorities to sleep, and totally disarmed vigilance. The idea of a widespread and thoroughly organized insurrection seems never to have occurred to those in power. Though signs of the coming storm abounded, they were disregarded and misinterpreted by an indolent conceit; indeed, when the storm had broken, the first preparations were childishly inadequate to the emergency.

A watchful and overruling Providence mercifully broke the concerted force of the assault. The outbreak among the native soldiery was precipitated at Meerut, a large military cantonment in Northwest India, close to the old Mogal capital of Delhi! Here, some native troopers had been imprisoned for mutinous conduct, and on the next day, Sunday, 10th May, three thousand native troops rose in open revolt. They murdered their officers, fired the houses of the European residents, flung open the doors of the criminal jails, and then marched off to Delhi, where they laid their arms and standard at the feet of the old relic of the Mogal dynasty, Bahadur Sháh, and saluted him Emperor of India. A large European force stood paralyzed and motionless, unable to act because of the incapacity of its commander. In Delhi, the large native soldiery rebelled to a man, and the slender British

force and the European residents with the women and children, were either destroyed, or had to flee for their lives. Thus the rebellion received a centre and an inspiration; and Delhi became the capital of national crime.

Meanwhile, the flames spread far and wide. All Northern India was on fire. Station after station followed the example, and the native soldiery, after the usual displays of lawlessness, cruelty and rapacity, marched on to Delhi to swell the ranks of mutiny.

In the Panjáb, the land of the five rivers, John Lawrence, the sagacious statesman, the stern soldier, the devout Christian, held the reins of government, and was the first to apprehend the seriousness of the situation. With a vigorous and unfaltering hand, he disarmed the Sepoy regiments in the Panjáb, and dismissed the troops to their homes. In Lahore, the capital of the Panjáb, four thousand sepoys were so ably manœuvered in the presence of a mere handful of armed Europeans, that they were compelled to pile their arms and retire. Thus, maintaining order in his own territory, he organized Regiments of native Shikh * soldiers, and sent them on with all the European troops he could spare, for the

* The *Shikhs* are the inhabitants of the Panjáb, totally different in religion and race from the ordinary Hindu. They are singularly warlike and brave; and throughout the terrible ordeal of the Sepoy mutiny, staunchly maintained their fidelity to the English.

capture of Delhi. "On, on to Delhi," was his constant cry. It has been truly said, "To John Lawrence, more than to any other, more than to thousands of others, was owing the conquest of Delhi, and the safety of the whole Northwest.*"

In a conflagration so wide and so disastrous, it is not easy to fix the eye upon particular places or events. But a few of the chief incidents of this national convulsion demand notice.

Cawnpore is a city of great commercial importance in the northwest of India, on the river Ganges. Here, at the time of the rebellion, there was a strong body of native soldiery, a slender European force, and a large community of English residents. A few miles distant, at his country-seat of Bithoor, there dwelt a disappointed relic of the old Mahratta dynasty, known as Nána Sahib. He was the illegitimate son of the old prince, and had inherited his riches, although denied his pension by the British government. He accordingly indulged the venom of a bitter spite against the English, although outwardly their warmest friend.

When the flame of rebellion began to spread through the northern plains of India, General Wheeler, who commanded the Cawnpore garrison, cast up a light entrenchment of earth around two or three barracks, and manned it with a few guns. The Nána Sahib made pro-

* Trotter's History of India.

fessions of warm friendship, and promised a Mahratta force should the English be threatened. At last the dreaded day came; the sepoy regiments rose to a man, committed the usual atrocities, and then marched on toward Delhi. The European community meanwhile retired into their hastily improvised entrenchment. And now the arch-traitor, Nána, throwing off his disguise, followed the mutinous soldiers, and persuaded them—with extravagant offers of booty,—to lay siege to the British defences. On June 6th, the whole host, augmented by thousands of armed and lawless rabble, invested the entrenchments; and, erecting batteries, opened a heavy fire upon it. Three weeks of unparalleled gallantry and suffering on the part of the defenders followed. Fourteen heavy guns kept up an incessant fire, to which the English could respond with only eight field pieces. The terrible sun of a June summer, and the constant fear of the approaching rains added to their multiplied distresses. One barrack was burnt down over their heads, while the others were thoroughly riddled with shot and shell.

So hopeless was their condition, that when the Nána Sahib proposed terms of safe and honorable capitulation, they were eagerly received. He offered to provide boats to carry the European garrison, with the women and children, to Allahabad, on condition that the entrenchments were evacuated, and all arms and treasure surren-

dered. On the 27th June, the worn-out but gallant defenders left their defences, and with hopeful hearts marched down to the river-side where the boats were moored. No sooner embarked, however, than some guns which had been planted in ambuscade were run out and opened fire upon the helpless garrison. Many fell to rise no more. The survivors were then drawn upon the beach, and the males instantly destroyed. The women and children were driven off to a place of confinement in the native city.

Meanwhile, a relieving force, under General Henry Havelock, was advancing upon the city. Although much impeded, it was now even upon the threshold. Thrice did the Nána essay to give the irresistible English battle, and thrice was he miserably defeated. At last, on the 15th July, the traitorous miscreant collected his spoils together and prepared to flee. But before going, he perpetrated the most diabolical act of his fiend-like career; he ordered the massacre of the incarcerated women and children. The terrible order was barbarously carried out; with gun-shot, sword and hatchet that helpless company was dispatched at nightfall. In the morning, the ruthless butchers again visited the chamber of blood, and actually found some who had survived the night. Then dragging the living with the dead, they piled up the bodies of their victims, two hundred in all, in a well in the court-yard. Upon that well stands to-day, a beautiful monument, with a peculiarly touching

and appropriate inscription, erected by the English government.

When, a little later, Havelock's soldiers rushed into the city, they visited this chamber of blood. Curdled with horror, they stood transfixed. The rooms were slippery with blood. Sword-cuts upon the walls, carrying away many a fair tress of hair. Leaves of Bibles, and pocket books, with touching notes and thrilling mementoes. The hardy veterans could stand it no longer. Kneeling upon the floor, and placing their dirk between their teeth, the veterans of the 79th Highlanders vowed vengeance against the ruthless assassins! That vow, so terribly made, was terribly kept.

Disasters like this spread dejection and dismay throughout the British possessions. Rebellion reigned rampant. The common people, in immense hordes, committed the most awful depredations, and joined the iusurgents. Native states and princes, who had been our allies, now either openly espoused the enemy, or faltered in their professions of friendship. Fearful atrocities were committed in Fatehgarh, Jhānsi, Bareilly, and many other places. Agra, the seat of the local government, was threatened; two battles were fought in sight of the stone fortress, where, for thirteen months, the English force and residents were incarcerated. All along the line of British rule the battle raged, and fire, blood and desolation marked the track of the fiend-like mutineers.

The eye of all India was, however, fixed upon Delhi. A British force assembled, as early as June, upon the heights above the fort, but they were more besieged than besieging. The city was strongly fortified and garrisoned by more than thirty thousand well-disciplined troops; while all around, the country was up in arms against the foreign rule. Reinforcements, including a strong siege train, having arrived on the 7th September, four batteries, with fifty heavy guns and mortars, opened a deadly fire upon the Mogal citadel. On the 13th, two breaches were reported practicable. The assault was made next day. Only six thousand men could be reckoned on for this service of danger. Divided into four parties, with another as a reserve, the storming force swept onward like an avalanche. Hundreds fell under the murderous musketry, or were cut down hand to hand. No quarters were asked or given. Deeds of daring and gallantry were too profuse to be marked as special. One of the most heroic spirits was the accomplished Nicholson, to whom that day had been confided the post of honor and of danger. This was to blow open the Cashmere gate, and then to storm the city at its most deadly side. The day ended; the gate was blown open, the storming was a complete success, but the brave Nicholson had fallen at the head of his gallant column.

The city cost six such days of fighting before it was

captured. Hand to hand, foot to foot, bayonet clashing against the gleaming *talwár*, street by street, lane after lane, the conflict raged; but at last the British ensign floated over the citadel; and the capital of the nation's rebellion lay prostrate at the feet of the conquerors. That siege and capture cost the English three thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven of her bravest troops; but the moral effect of the victory was incalculable. If Delhi had not speedily fallen, all India would have been up in arms, and the English rule exterminated. With its fall, British prestige and power revived, and the dread rebellion received a crushing blow.

Lucknow was another strong centre of insurrection. It is the capital city of Oudh, the then most recently annexed province in India, and the den of anarchy and lawlessness. Having contributed more than two-thirds of the Sepoy regiments from its cities and villages, it could not but have the strongest sympathy with the spirit of revolt; while the wealthy land-holders and native princes, smarting under the effects of the recent annexations to British rule, stood ready to foment and encourage this spirit to its farthest length. The strong hand which governed this province, Henry Lawrence, brother of John Lawrence of the Panjáb, ably provided for the coming emergency, while averting the storm as long as it could possibly be restrained.

At last the fearful hurricane was unloosed, and the

British garrison, with the English residents, were besieged in the fortified premises known as the Residency. Around them, panted and bayed tens of thousands of blood-thirsty soldiery, armed and fully equipped. The whole country besides was in arms, and the prospect of the besieged was anything but cheering. Very soon after, Henry Lawrence received a mortal wound, and while sinking back upon the couch of death, uttered the just epitaph for his tomb, "I have tried to do my duty." His last advice to his successor was: "Whatever you do, never surrender."

Well did those upon whose shoulders the chivalrous mantle of Henry Lawrence fall, obey the injunction. For four whole months the siege was fiercely pressed, and as gallantly defended. Assaults, storming parties and mines were all tried, but in vain. The garrison, greatly thinned in numbers, worn with fatigue, depressed with a vain and weary waiting for relief which never seemed to come, still held out.

Meanwhile, the gallant Havelock and the chivalrous Outram were pressing forward to the rescue, with all the haste possible through an armed and hostile country. It was constant fighting, a charging through foes who, though beaten back again and again, ever surged to the front, in numbers whelming and terrible. At last, on the 25th September, the head of the relieving columns, literally cleaving its way through obstructing foes, appeared

at the gate of the Residency. What a moment! The feeble garrison smiled with hope once more; even the wounded crawled out of their beds and took the swarthy hands of their deliverers. As to these gallant men, they danced and wept and sang as they clasped the hands of the worn men and pale-cheeked women, and tossed the children in the air in sheer exhilaration and delight. Then a shout from the victors, feebly joined in by the enfeebled garrison, rent the air and told the rebels that they had been balked of their prey!

Although relieved, the garrison with their deliverers were constrained to stand another siege, until, in November, they were finally borne out of the Residency by the strong force of Sir Colin Campbell. The gallant Havelock, the heroic succourer of Cawnpore, the deliverer of Lucknow, worn out with fatigue, here exchanged the equipment of war for the crown of the immortal victor. After a long career of distinguished and generous heroism, and of singular Christian fidelity and usefulness, he was borne home upon the shield of his faith; his last words being to his son, "Come hither, my son, and see how a Christian can die." His remains lie in Alambágh, Lucknow, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

The mutiny was quelled, not extinguished. The fire still smouldered, here and there breaking out into flames, for the space of two whole years. The smoke of battle

at last broke upon the retreating administration of the old Trading Company, and the inauguration of the direct government of the English Crown. Surely, "He putteth down one, and setteth up another."

On the 1st January, 1877, this political act was consummated by the proclamation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, as Empress of India. This was done at an Imperial Assemblage of the native potentates and princes, in the old capital of Delhi. It was an imposing gathering. In the presence of sixty-three ruling princes (including the Nizám of *Hyderabad*, the Nawáb of *Tonk*, the Begum of *Bhopál*, the Gaekwár of *Baroda*, and the Maharájahs of *Gwalior*, *Indore*, *Oodeypore*, *Jeypore*, *Jodhpore* and *Bhurtpore*), and three hundred titular chiefs, the sovereignty of the British crown in India was proclaimed and accepted. This event, politically, was of more importance than is evident upon the surface. It demonstrated to the native rulers of India a tangible government which had elements of power and permanence. The E. I. Company was an abstraction which the native mind could not comprehend, and the very fact of its being a trading association gave it a tentative aspect. But more than this, the change established the supremacy of the British crown. In their own governmental economy there was provision for a Suzerain or Sovereign, who should be the arbiter of destiny to the neighbouring kingdoms. This position is now demanded by and

accorded to the British crown, which therefore claims universal attachment and allegiance.

To the empire itself, the change has been one of appreciable benefit. It has brought India and its administration closer to England, and admitted both to a full and free hearing in Parliament. It has proved the era of signal material prosperity, and it has opened the portals for missionary labor more widely than before. The missionaries neither ask nor expect any favors; they are content with the administration which evenhandedly places them upon the same platform with the religionists around them. This rule has, on the whole, been honored by the crown, although instances are on record where opposition and interference have been construed as synonymous with neutrality.

If wrongs and injuries towards the natives of India stained the former administrations, the government under the crown has certainly swung to the opposite extreme. A system of conciliation and caressing bordering upon the childishly sentimental, has been resorted to in the hope, doubtless, of winning the attachment and fidelity of the natives. Preferments, honors and opportunities have been extended to them, from which the European and Anglo-Indian subjects of the crown are iniquitously debarred. There is not a right-minded man but would be willing that equal rights and opportunities should be extended to all classes of British-Indian subjects; but a

fawning partiality cannot but be interpreted as an index of fear by the recipients of the favors, and lead the injured and neglected to estrangement of heart and alienation of interest from the governing power.

From the preceding political survey of India, the following conclusions are unavoidable :

1. The Hindu in his present environments, is incapable of self-government. He has had a trial of three thousand years, but has failed. The reason of failure is not to be looked for in any physical or mental incapacity, but in the disastrous religious system which has overshadowed the nation. The caste-system strikes at the root of national cohesion and unity, while priestly craft and arrogance in seeking to aggrandize themselves, deprive patriotism of its loftiest and purest inspiration. If the administration of the country were placed in the hands of the Hindu to-day, the land would be torn with factions and anarchy, and the supreme power would be in the market at the command of the deepest craft and most subtle cunning.

2. The Mahomedan usurper has equally demonstrated his incapability to govern India. A selfish sensuality makes his sceptre nerveless and unstable. From Mahmūd of Ghazni to the last relic of the Mogal Empire, the course of the Mahomedan invader has been to sacrifice the country to his own base and selfish interests.

3. The inauguration and extension of British rule in

India, are manifestly in accordance with the line of Divine Providence, and therefore on the whole in the best interests of the governed. It should be remembered that the British did not wrest the sceptre from the lawful rulers of India, but from the unprincipled and sordid usurpers, and this only when no alternative remained, but to push forward to conquest.

4. This extension of rule and power, however, is to be looked upon as the opportunity, divinely vouchsafed, for the elevation of the great nation, in material and spiritual good. If this end be not fulfilled, then is the mission of England, with all its grand possibilities, utterly thwarted and defeated.

What is the political condition of India to-day? Under the Suzerainty of the British crown, native prince and potentate dwell securely. Those directly subject to English rule enjoy the blessings of good and safe government. Each man may dwell securely under his own vine and fig tree, and eat of the labors of his hands. A just and vigorous administration guards his life, liberty and possessions, while culture and progress spread untold opportunities before him. There is not an intelligent native but will acknowledge the benefits of British rule and power, and there is little doubt that he speaks as he feels.

And yet we cannot refrain from expressing the conviction that underneath this glossy surface there smould-

er the embers of the old fire. A national uneasiness and unrest, broken here and there by kindlings of positive hostility, lie beneath, unknown and unsuspected. If the match of religious fanaticism kindled this inflammable temper before, is there any certain security that it might not kindle it again?

Culture, education, conciliation are alike unavailing to neutralize the inflammability of this temper. There are but two remedies for this, the steel bayonet, or the sword of the Spirit. Military force may over-awe and keep this unruly spirit in subjection; but the gospel of Christ alone, when received and obeyed, can transform the natural hostility of India to foreign rule, into true and lasting loyalty.

And now after nearly forty centuries of changeful history, during which the people have gone steadily backward, until to-day, India sits at the feet of the nations; after numerous foreign dominations and usurpations impoverishing her resources and desolating her beauty, after a hundred years of governmental probation, neglected and unimproved, the door of duty and of opportunity opens before the Christian people and crown of England. Shall they have the wisdom, the faith and the courage to enter it, is the STUPENDOUS QUESTION OF THE HOUR AND THE NATION!

II.
VEDISM;
OR,
SPECULATIVE HINDUISM.

To the student, desirous of rearing up an intelligible account of Hinduism as a system, there is certainly material enough available. Books, — mythological, legendary, ethical, statistical, in abundance ;—books, sedate as Blackstone, extravagant as Munchausen, poetic as Homer, statementary as a National Census Report. Time,—in vistas of ages and æons and cycles, putting geologic eras utterly into the shade, looking away dimly into eternal perspectives. Actors,—natural and supernatural ; in batallions, cohorts, legions, armies ;—representing men, monkies, giants, gods and demi-gods. Theatre of action,—continents and oceans and mountains, clear beyond and above the ken of geographers, ancient or modern !

Yes, material enough and to spare ! Enough slush and slime and slippery clay, but very few stones, and these so crooked and irregular, as to be impossible to

lay straight or even. Indeed, as far as the materials are concerned, for abundance and variety, it would be easier to build up a hundred diverse systems from them than one intelligible and consistent whole. The difficulty is to so interpret and harmonize the abundant material on hand, as to shape out a connected Religious and Philosophical System. And, in truth, after the most careful analysis and elucidation, it will be found that Hinduism, instead of being a compact, integral and well-defined religious belief, is really a conglomeration of an endless number and variety of thought, principles and policies, bound together by a few strong sinews and covered over by a thin skin, giving the whole an appearance of evenness and uniformity.

To make the subject intelligible, we need to look back some four thousand years, and we see India in the possession of a simple, uncultured, aboriginal race, dwelling in hills and caves and jungles, symbolized in the poetry of modern times by monkeys. The first flow into this dark sea is supposed to have been that of the primitive Scythian and Mongolian immigrants from the steppes of Tartary and Tibet ; and the present Dravidian race in the South of India is believed to represent this immigration. These early settlers in part mingled with the aboriginal inhabitants, and made some progress in civilization. They were dark in complexion and were called Dasyus, or natives. Of the primitive religion of these tribes, we can

have no certain knowledge, but it is probable that Fetichism and devil worship prevailed among the ruder tribes, and "tree and serpent" and phallic worship among the more advanced.*

At this period there dwelt upon the great table-land of Central Asia, probably in the region surrounding the source of the Oxus near Bokhara, that great family called Arya or noble, speaking a language the common source of Sanscrit, Prakrit, Zand, Persian and Armenian in Asia, and of the Hellenic, Italic, Keltic, Teutonic and Slavonic languages in Europe.† Separating into distinct parties, they flowed respectively into Europe, Persia and India ; and thus the one great Aryan family separated into distinct and different nationalities.

We follow the Aryan immigrants into India, and find them spreading themselves in the tract bordering upon the five rivers of the Panjáb, thence through the fertile plain of the Ganges, and beyond, over Central India as far as the Vindhya mountains. Leading the way of a higher civilization and of an irresistible force, they press the older settlers into the hills, or farther south, and thus cover the best part of India with their superior prestige and power.

The question now arises, have we any reliable record of the religion of these early Aryan settlers ? It is here that the oldest extant literature of the Hindus comes to

* Robson's Hinduism, p. 29.

† Monier Williams' Hinduism, p. 3.

our help. These are in Sanscrit, in the form of certain old Hymns, known as the Rig Veda. The oldest of these go back to more than three thousand years from the present date, or 1200 B. C. In these Hymns, we find the glimmering of the recognition of One Supreme Deity already becoming obscured by fanciful and polytheistic speculations. Take for example, the following, as an expression of this struggling belief:—

“ Then there was neither Aught nor Naught, no air nor sky beyond.
 What covered all ? Where rested all ? In watery gulf profound ?
 Nor death was then, nor deathlessness, nor change of night and day,
 That one breathed calmly, self-sustained ; naught else beyond it lay.
 Gloom hid in gloom existed first,—one sea, eluding view,
 That one, a void in chaos wrapt, by inward fervour grew.” *

Such glimmerings, taken in connection with the philological unity already adverted to, afford room for the belief that before our Aryan forefathers parted on the Highlands of Central Asia, a consistent Monotheism was their accepted creed. Nor is it difficult to conceive how, upon settling in India, the Indo Aryans, brought into contact with the forces of nature as they never had been nor could be in their cold inland habitation, should have begun to recognize the presence and power of the Supreme Deity in the majestic forces around them. Thus the foundation of the physiolatry and pantheism, evident in the later Vedas, was manifestly laid. Those physical

*R. V. x. 129. Translated by Dr. Muir in Sanskrit Texts, vol. v.

forces which awed their minds and affected their lives were invoked, first symbolically doubtless, but afterward as actual deities. Dyaus, the sky, as the place of God's abode ; Aditi, as the representation of the infinite ; Varuna, as the god of night ; Mitra, as the god of day, are each addressed and adopted as deities.

In a country so hot and scorched as India, the god of dew and rain could not but be recognized as a most useful and potent deity, and hence we find Indra elevated to an important rank in the scale of divinity ; and hence, too, Agni, the god of fire, and Surya, the sun, are naturally associated with Indra, and form the chief triad in the Vedic hymns.

These representations of physical force are multiplied, until a sacred canon of thirty-three is reached. Unlike the mythology of other nations, however, which allots proportionate relations to all its deities, each god here is addressed as Supreme, and thus even through these fanciful and corrupt imaginings, the sentiment of One Supreme Deity is discernible. There is no evidence that these gods were represented by any external image or form, nor does it appear that temples were constructed for their honor or worship. The language of these hymns shows that the great burden of invocation was for the forgiveness of sin, and for the averting of the Divine wrath, chiefly in view of this world. To this end prayers and prostrations were performed, oblations of flowers

and butter offered and sacrifices ordained. These sacrifices were to be of four kinds,—that of the goat, the cow, the horse, and of man, though the precise signification of these sacrifices is not defined.

There is no allusion to the doctrine of transmigration, which became the triple chain of the later Hindu system. It is certain also that while in these early Vedic days, there were social divisions and classes, the terrible giant, Caste, had not laid its throttling hand upon the throat of progress. There were no restrictions against animal food, even the flesh of the cow, nor to widow marriage. Toward a future life there are only dim and furtive glances ; immortality is not represented as a natural property of the soul, but as the gift of the gods to the good and virtuous. The Indo Aryans are represented as an intelligent, hardy and thriving people,—active, energetic and persevering ; determined to push their conquests in arms as well as in progress to the farthest possible limits.

And now we come to one of the darkest and most degrading transitions in religious and social life which the history of man has ever furnished. And the reason here, as in every similar case, is to be found in the selfish domination by an arrogant few, over the conscience of the ignorant and superstitious multitude, in the sacred name of religion and truth. But how was this calamitous transition brought about ?

We have already seen that there existed among the early Indo Aryans those social distinctions which were at once natural and necessary, without the hard bigotry of caste. These distinctions, in view of their sacred duties and requirements, could not but take on a religious aspect. If there were sacrifices, there could not but be priests to sacrifice ; and if there were gods to worship, there must be religious teachers to conduct the worship. There were other distinctions again purely secular : the soldier class, from which the king was chosen ; the tradespeople and agriculturists ; and, last of all, the poor and ignorant masses. This was a condition of things as natural as it was necessary. At this juncture, a solitary passage in one of the most recent hymns of the Rig Veda struck the fatal match, and soon the whole pile of sacerdotal pretension was in a blaze. This hymn is generally admitted to be a comparatively modern production, and it may be doubted whether the passage in question is not an artful interpolation. It runs as follows :

“ The embodied spirit has a thousand heads,
A thousand eyes, a thousand feet, around
On every side enveloping the earth,
Yet filling space no larger than a span.

* * * * *

“ From Him, called Purusha, was born Virāj,
And from Virāj was Purusha produced,
Whom gods and holy men made their oblation.
With Purusha as victim, they performed
A sacrifice. When they divided him,

How did they cut him up? What was his mouth?
What were his arms? And what his thighs, his feet?
The Brahman was his mouth, the kingly soldier
Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,
The servile Sudra issued from his feet.”*

Thus buttressed, the priestly arrogance of the sacerdotal class was not slow to build up the hard and high walls of caste superstition. The Brahmans were not only the highest caste, they were a different, and altogether higher order of being,—indeed, as demi-gods, they claimed not only homage, but worship. The Kshatriya, or warrior class, came next, and the Vaisyas,—merchants and agriculturists, followed. These three castes were the sacred “twice-born,” by virtue of investiture with the sacred thread. At an immeasurable distance from them, came the vile Sudra, the servant of all. Of course, all the sacred offices and mysteries were the exclusive monopoly of the Brahmans. Each caste was absolutely walled off, and intermarriage, social intercourse, and even personal contact, were rigidly interdicted, and the interdiction was enforced by the severest penalties. These terrible distinctions were, moreover, confirmed by legislature. “If a twice-born man, for instance, abused one of the same caste, he was to be punished by a small fine, but if a once-born man spoke disrespectfully of the caste of one of the twice-born, an iron style, ten fingers long, was to be thrust red hot into his mouth; for insult to the sacred

*Mundāla, x. 90. M. Williams, p. 30.

established, she and her husband were restored to the kingdom of Dasártha, where they long reigned in peace.

The Mahabhárata is an embellished account of the struggle for supremacy between two rival Kshatriya races, known, as the Pandavs and the Kauravs. Yudhi-shthira, the eldest representative of the former, to whom the title to the kingdom of Hastinapur belonged, is artfully persuaded to play at dice by the rival party, so that, in the end, he loses his title to the kingdom. A disgraceful exile follows, but after thirteen years the Pandavs, burning with revenge, determine to wrest the kingdom from the artful Kauravs. The terrible conflict took place near Delhi, and raged with fierceness for eighteen days, resulting in a decisive though bloody victory for the Pandavs. In this struggle they were ably seconded by Krishna, king of Dwárka, in Guzerat. Yudhi-shthira is crowned king of Hastinapur ; but, wearied and sad at heart, he finally renounces his hardly-earned kingdom, and takes his departure toward Indra's heaven in Mount Meru.

We now arrive at an important era in the moral and religious history of the world. There are times when a sullen sky glares upon a stagnant sea, and above, beneath, around, there is neither glimmer of light nor stir of life. Then the putrid stagnation is suddenly broken as though by the bursting of some awful dynamite in the very womb of death. Thus it was throughout the world about

600 B. C.,—the blackest hour of an awful night! It was at this juncture that a general stirring of life,—an earnest reaching forth after the hidden mysteries of life, death and eternity,—agitated the world.

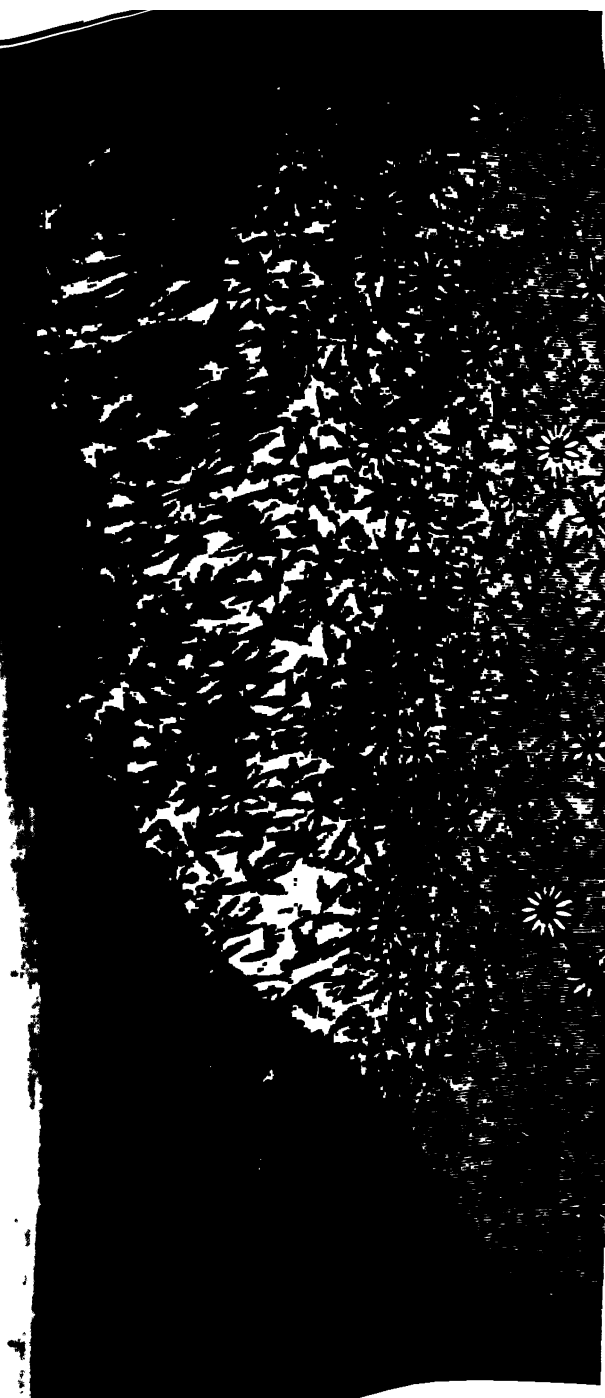
While the echoes of the message of Isaiah,—the foremost Messianic prophet,—breathing hope and cheer through the promised coming of the Redeemer, were still rolling upon the hot plains of a sin-swept world, the breath of an earnest soul-enquiry, both deep and wide, stirred the civilized world. Pythagoras in Greece, Zoroaster in Persia, Confucius in China, were but types of the thinking mind, which, throwing off the slumber of years, arose to assert its right to explore the dark mysteries behind the veil of mortal life. What about India at this time of universal awakening,—India, upon whose face there brooded the darkest night of ignorance and superstition?

Just about this time, Buddha Goutama comes upon the scene of Indian religious history. It is difficult to eliminate the mythical from the purely historical in the life of this remarkable and interesting personage. He was the son, we are informed, of the king of Kapila Vastu, a kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas, and was born about six hundred years before our era. He early manifested a religious and contemplative disposition. At his father's request, he married, and for some time passed his life in tranquil ease and quiet, but it is cer-

tain that the
unquenchable

One day,
ing on his side
stricken with
corpse of a
disease and
the young prince
all lying, dis-
a recluse,
and spent his
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born son was
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stealthily at night
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have come professing to answer the great heart-longing of humanity, compressed in the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" as from the lips of God. Buddhism alone boldly and unequivocally declares that it has solved the problem without God. In its reactionary aversion to Brahmanic idolatry, it dispenses with the Divine Being altogether, and affirms that the only God is what man himself might become. Hence a Buddhist never really prays or worships ; he merely meditates on the perfections of Buddha and on the hope of finally attaining *Nirvána*.

But what is *Nirvána*, the *summum bonum* of this sterile system ? It is non-existence or simple annihilation. If ceasing to live then, be the desirable goal, the greatest possible good, life,—human life,—must be the gravest calamity. This is distinctly affirmed in the four great "doctrines of the wheel," supposed to have been revealed to Buddha under the mimosa tree ; these are as follows :

1. Suffering exists wherever there is life.
2. Suffering is caused by desire.
3. Release from suffering depends on the suppression of desire and extinction of being (*Nirvána*).
4. *Nirvána* can only be obtained by following the paths pointed out by Buddha. These paths are eight in number ; the four which are applicable to all men, being right vision, right thoughts, right words, and right actions. The other four, applicable to recluses, are right living as a recluse, right application to the study of

the law, right memory in recollecting the law, and right meditation.

The doctrine of transmigration is sternly elaborated and uncompromisingly maintained. According to Buddhist belief, when a man dies he is immediately born again, or appears in a new shape, according to his merit or demerit; he may be born in the form of a woman, or a slave, a quadruped, a bird, a fish, an insect, a plant, or even a piece of inorganic matter. "He may be born in a state of punishment in one of the many Buddhist hells (one hundred and thirty-six in all); or in the condition of a happy spirit or even divinity in heaven; but whatever the position be, and however long he may live in it, the life will have an end, and the individual must be born again, and may again be either happy or miserable.*" From such a course of existence and its endless uncertainties and ills, Nirvána, or non-existence, is the only escape.

Among the redeeming qualities of this system, beside the negative ones of antagonism to caste, idol worship and sacerdotalism, may be mentioned the emphasis given to morality, especially the practice of charity and benevolence to all animated beings,—the utmost regard being shown even to the brutes; and the practical inculcation of the common brotherhood of man, in consonance with which Buddhism exhibited itself as a religion adapted to all men.

* Garrett's Classical Dictionary.

Allowing full credit for these relieving characteristics, there is something peculiarly saddening about this system, considering its origin and results. Surely, if ever humanity had a fair chance of devising and developing a system such as should satisfy man's deepest longings, here was its opportunity. Here we behold intense earnestness, absorbing devotion, and patient toil brooding over the great problem, and then we hear the cry, "Eureka"—I have found it! We hasten to behold the majestic discovery, and lo! a system truly Saharan in its utter sterility. A religion without a God, bemoaning this life of opportunity and usefulness as the gravest calamity, and looking forward from the hot edge of so miserable an existence to a Nirvána of annihilation, as its only relief, its highest joy! Here, behold man's highest endeavor and man's greatest success!

The spread of Buddhism, though rapid and wide, was short-lived, as might have been expected. Indeed, but for the putrid stagnation which preceded it, it is doubtful if the system would have commanded the success it did. A long and fierce struggle was maintained by the Brahmanical party for their rights and interests, and in the end Buddhism, as a distinct system, succumbed. In the twelfth century, Hinduism was established throughout India, and the only relic of Buddhism now existing is the small and unimportant sect of the Jains.

But while Buddhism as an organization, has disap-

peared, the impress of its footsteps still remains. The system of sacrifices discountenanced by Buddha, has never fully regained its interest, the doctrine of transmigration has been vivified, and the efficacy of self-mortification as an aid to final emancipation has been recognized and emphasized. Even the terrible doctrine of caste has received a violent shaking, though, of course, it has been to the interest of Brahmanism to preserve and strengthen its coils.

But the influence of Buddhism in moulding the Hindu religion, as we find it to day, is deeper and more extensive still. The Brahmans in their long conflict, with their usual astuteness, saw the necessity of accommodation toward an assimilation with the new system. Buddha was represented as an incarnation of one of the popular gods, and thus taken under the wings of the Hindu mythology. The Brahmans were aroused to greater intellectual activity, for their appeal to the authority of the Vedas was no longer conclusive, since their opponents drove them into the field of metaphysics, and required them to prove all things. Hence arose successively the six schools or Darshans of Hindu philosophy. These are contained in the Upanishads, the third division of the Veda, regarded not merely as complementary but as the consummation of all previous revelation.

These six schools are: 1. The *Nyaya*, founded by Gotama. 2. The *Vaisesika*, by Kanāda. 3. The *San-*

khyā, by Kapila. 4. The *Yoga*, by Patanjali. 5. The *Mimāṃsā*, by Jaimini. 6. The *Vedānta*, by Bādārayana or Vyāsa.

These again may be arranged into three pairs, the first and second, the third and fourth, the fifth and sixth ; each of these being substantially the same, the later elucidating or confirming the former.

I. *The Nyaya and Vaiseshika Schools.*

The first topic of the Nyaya proper is the means or instrument by which the right measure of a subject is to be obtained, and the second enumerates the subjects upon which knowledge is desirable or necessary. The supplementary Vaiseshika extends this system to physical investigations. According to this school, the formation of the world is supposed to be effected by the aggregation of atoms, which are innumerable and eternal. These atoms act by the power of *Adrishta*, the unseen force derived from the works or acts of a previous world. Hence a long chain or succession of creations must be supposed so as to originate the force or *Adhrishta* required ; yet beyond all these, there must be an originating cause to give the first creative impulse, which this philosophy neither accounts for nor explains.

The name of Isvara, Supreme Lord, occurs once in the Nyaya, but no part or province in creatorship is ascribed to him. Later Nyaya writers affirm the existence of a

Supreme Soul (*Paramâtman*) distinct from the human soul (*Jivâtman*). The latter they view as eternal, manifold, distinct from the body, infinite, ubiquitous ; indeed, diffused everywhere throughout space, so that my soul is in New York and Calcutta at one and the same time, though it can only apprehend and feel and act where the body is for the time located.

II. *The Sankhya and Yoga Schools.*

This traces the whole world of sense from an original, primordial *Tattva* or eternally existing essence called *Prakriti*. This elementary germ is itself made up of three constituent principles, called *Gunas*,—namely *sattva*, goodness or purity ; *rajas*, passion or activity ; and *tamas*, darkness or stolidity. These *gunas* enter into the composition of all material things in varying proportions. In the case of man, they make him noble, selfish or brutish, according to the preponderation of goodness, passion or darkness respectively.

Thus the doctrine of evolution, which is paraded in our day as the last-born Benjamin of science, was not only published, but elaborately formulated by the Hindu philosopher twenty-four centuries ago.

This *Prakriti* produces twenty-three other *tattvas* or entities,—the soul or spirit being an additional and distinct essence, destitute of *gunas*, though liable to be affected by them.

Of these twenty-three *tattvas*, seven things are producers; sixteen are merely productions. Among the producers are *Buddhi*, or intelligence, whence springs *Ahaṅkāra*, or self-consciousness, and this again produces five other subtle principles called *Tanmātras*.

Among the sixteen productions, are the five grosser elements (ether, air, fire or light, water and earth), the five organs of sense, the five organs of action, and an internal organ called *Manas* or Mind.

The soul *Purusha*, is quite distinct from *Ahaṅkāra*, self-consciousness, and *Manas*, Mind; and in itself possesses neither consciousness, intelligence nor activity. Nevertheless, for this soul, *Prakṛiti* creates all things, which the soul, by the way, so far from appreciating, resents and resists, struggling earnestly so as to be delivered from the fetters which creation fastens upon it.

There is vague and distant intimation of the existence of a Supreme Soul, but as in the previous school, it has nothing to do with the act or acts of creation. The Yoga supplement teaches the means by which the human soul may attain union with the Universal spirit. These are by maintaining complete quiescence of mind, by the suppression of the passions, by earnest meditation, and by mental concentration upon the object desired. This latter end is sought after by the strangest bodily restraints and contortions, suppression of the breath, etc., calculated,

if persevered in, to produce a condition of complete mind-vacuity.

III. *The Mimansa and the Vedanta Schools.*

The Mimansa is not properly a philosophy. It is a plea on behalf of the Vedas, as the source of all authority. It maintains the eternity of the Vedas, and emphasizes the performance of *dharma*, duty, because they are prescribed in the Vedas, without reference to any Personal will or authority.

The Vedanta, as its name implies, is founded upon the concluding part of the Vedas. The creed of this school is summed up in the brief formula, *ekam evádvitíyam*,—"One only without a second."

It acknowledges one universal essence, called Brahm. Its qualities are summed up in three words, *sat*, *chit*, *ánand* (being, thought, joy), together forming the designation *Sach-chid-ánanda*; yet strangely this essence is without individual consciousness, knowledge or emotion. It is both Creator and creation, Actor and act. This universe is Brahm; from him it proceeds, in him it breathes, unto him it is dissolved. The Hindu philosopher illustrates this by a number of time-worn figures;—what yarn is to cloth, what earth to a jar, what gold to a bracelet, that is Brahm to the universe.

But how can an impure world be evolved from a pure, spiritual essence? The two former schools avoided this

dilemma by dissociating the Supreme spirit from all creative act. The Vedantist who evolves all observed phenomena from Brahm, escapes it by affirming that the Universe is *Māya*,—an illusion merely. The personal deity, *Ishvara*, the personal human soul, and the external world, are merely a show and a semblance, projected from the Essence or Spirit above defined, as the shadow is projected by the pillar.

This *Māya*, or illusion, has two effects,—it *envelopes* the soul, creating the notion of personality, and it *projects* a world which we regard as external to ourselves. The Hindu illustrates this by the dreamer, who in his sleep, perceiving himself surrounded by circumstances and characters which he believes to be real, thinks, and speaks, and acts ; but lo ! he awakes, and finds that all these were but fictitious. Thus with this so-called universe ; it is but a delusion, a dream without substance or reality. All the facts of our consciousness, all the palpableness of our surroundings avail nothing ; they are but the imaginings of “a mind diseased,” like the fictitious fancies of a monomaniac.

Such is a succinct view of the three great divisions of Hindu philosophy. The first originates the world from a concurrence of eternal atoms by the power of *Adrishya* ; the second evolves it from a primordial eternal germ, *Prakriti*, operating, however, only in association with *Purusha*, souls ; the third resolves all the material uni-

verse into an illusion evolved from the One Supreme essence or spirit, Brahm. The first two affirm the reality of the universe, but make God a phantom, a shadow, an empty name; the third acknowledges a Deity, but resolves creation into a fictitious dream-land. All three degrade the Deity, fail to solve the problems of actual life, or to shed light on man's eternal destiny.

From a background so dark and conglomerate, starts out the system of modern Hinduism. With easy accommodation and omnivorous appetite, it has swallowed, digested and then reproduced in some of their characteristics, the many systems and religions with which it has come into contact. Indeed, the tact of the Brahman in becoming "all things to all men" is truly marvelous; the most contraband doctrines, usages and practices having been revived, recast and reissued with the superscription of orthodoxy,—while Hinduism has been swelled to colossal and mis-shapen proportions, which would have toppled over at any time but for its granite foundations of caste and sacerdotalism.

In order to present this gigantic aggregation with some regard to conciseness and clearness, let us enquire, in order, what is the conception of modern Hinduism with regard to the Supreme Deity, man's true nature, final human blessedness and the means of attaining to it.

First, as to the Supreme Deity. Hinduism acknowledges One Self-Existing, Supreme Spirit, but this Spirit is

only an essence, without consciousness, intelligence or emotion. He has no care or concern for his creatures, is unmoved by their regard or disregard, and is beyond the reach of prayer or worship. Distant, self-absorbed, unmoved—he is nothing but a Name, the cloud-wreathed apex of a pyramidal theology.

But man has cares, troubles, sorrows, and he needs some One who can be touched with sympathy and moved to help him. He has, moreover, the instinct of worship, and he must have some Being to adore, who will regard his homage and receive his worship. Hence the Hindu pantheon of thirty-three Crores, or three hundred and thirty millions of gods, from the original thirty-three of the early Vedas. This immense legion rises tier by tier, in an ascending scale, until the top is reached, disclosing three principal personages, each associated with a consort. These three are Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, the well-known *tri-murti*, or divine Triad of modern Hinduism. They derive their existence from the One Supreme Spirit, whose emanation they are; and will, at the end of the *Kalpa* or age, be absorbed into him again.

Brahma, the first, is not to be confounded with Brahm, already alluded to as the designation of the Supreme infinite Spirit. Brahma is supposed to be an expansion of Agni, the Vedic god of fire, and the generator of life. He is regarded as the lord and father of all beings, in which

character he is represented in the Veda as having sacrificed himself for the good of his creatures.

He is represented as a man with four faces, of a gold color, clothed in white and riding on a goose. Though first in the tri-murti, and the father of all beings, he is but little regarded. He is not adopted as a guardian deity, and is now only worshipped in one principal place in India, namely, at Pushkar, near Ajmér. He is the peculiar patron of the Brahmans, who are regarded as his offspring and mouth-piece. The name of his consort is Saraswati, once a river goddess, but now worshipped as the goddess of speech and learning.

Vishnu, the second person in the triad, is regarded as the upholder and sustainer of life. His name occurs in the Veda as a manifestation of the sun, and during the Brahmanical period, it rose in popular regard and importance. He is represented as a dark man, with four arms, wearing yellow garments, and riding on Guroor, an animal half bird and half man. The name of his consort is Lakshmi, or the goddess of prosperity. A popular legend affirms that Saraswati, the goddess of learning, was also at one time the spouse of Vishnu ; but the ladies disagreed, and Vishnu, concluding that one wife was as much as even a god could manage, put away the learned lady, who thereafter became the consort of Brahma.*

The religious craving of the people who longed for

* Garrett's Dictionary.

some object of worship more akin to their own nature, furnished the necessity, and their own epic poems, the Rámayana and Mahabhárata, supplied the materials for the elaboration of the system of *Avatárs* or incarnations connected with this god. Vishnu is represented as having repeatedly taken form and appeared on earth to save it from threatened disaster, and it is through these *avatárs*, that he is chiefly regarded and worshipped. They are as follows :

1. As *Matsya*, the fish, in which form he saved Manu, the progenitor of the human race, in a ship during the universal deluge.

2. As *Karma*, the tortoise, in which form he planted himself at the bottom of the sea of milk, and his back thus served as a pivot for the mountain Mandara, around which the great serpent Vasuki was twisted. Gods and demons then stood opposite one another, and using the snake as a rope and the mountain as a churning-stick, they churned the sea, and obtained fourteen precious things—the most precious product, as far as Vishnu himself was concerned, being the fair Lakshmi, his future spouse.

3. As *Varaha*, the boar. In this form Vishnu descended to deliver the world from a powerful demon, Hiranyāksha, who had carried it down to the bottom of the sea.

4. As *Narha-sinha*, the man-lion. In this form he

destroyed a terrible demon called *Hiranya Kashipu*, who had usurped the dominion over the three worlds.

5. As *Vāmana*, the dwarf. He thus appeared before Bali, another demon tyrant, and meekly solicited as much land as he could step in three paces. The demon complied, when the dwarf, assuming enormous magnitude, in two steps strode over heaven and earth, but out of compassion left the lower world, *Patala*, in the demon's possession.

6. As *Parasu-rama*, Rama with the axe. In this incarnation he cleared the earth of the *Kshatriya* race twenty times to deliver the *Brahmans*.

7. As *Rāma*, the hero of the *Ramayana*, whose exploits have already been adverted to. This brave young prince is here deified as an incarnation of *Vishnu*, and is worshipped with his wife *Sita* and his brother *Lakshman*.

8. As *Krishna*, "the dark god." This is the favorite and most renowned incarnation of *Vishnu*. *Krishna* was the son of *Vasudeva*, and was born in the city of *Mathura*, whose tyrant king, *Kansa*, being forewarned that a child of *Vasudeva* would destroy him, put *Vasudeva* and his wife in prison. When, however, *Krishna* was born, the gods cast the guards of the prison into a deep sleep, so that *Vasudeva* was enabled to bear the young child out and place it in the care of *Nanda*, a cowherd, whose reputed child *Krishna* grew up to be. *Krishna* performed some mighty exploits when but a child, such as slaying

a huge serpent, a demon in the form of a bull, and another in the form of a horse. Having incited Nanda and the cowherds to abandon the worship of Indra, the god of heaven sent down a terrible deluge to avenge himself, but Krishna plucked up the mountain Govardhan, and using it as an umbrella, shielded his friends from the wrath of Indra.

As a boy he was mischievous and unruly; as a youth, he was a profligate. He sported with the *gopis*, or milk-women, who adored him; his favorite being Radha, who is now worshipped with him. He next slew Kansa and placed his father on the throne; but shortly after he left Mathura and built the town of Dwárka, in Guzerat. It was from here that he went to the help of the Pandavs in the great war of the Mahabhárata. His harem numbered sixteen thousand wives. He is the prince of profligacy, cunning and lawlessness. He met his end by a chance arrow from the bow of a hunter. Krishna is the most popular god of India. His vices are glossed over or allegorized by the *pandits*; but the common people gloat over them. He is worshipped in various forms—one of the best known being that of Juggernaut in Orissa. It is a hideous black stump of wood, with a head upon it. Yet beneath the heavy car in which this shapeless monster was borne in procession, thousands of infatuated devotees have sacrificed themselves.

9. As *Buddha*. The Brahmans, in their greed to effect

a compromise with the Buddhists, adopted Buddha as an incarnation of Vishnu. To get over the difficulty of an *Avatâr* of this god being an opponent of idol-worship, etc., they maintain that he was incarnated as Buddha on purpose to delude demons and wicked men, so as to overwhelm them in destruction.

10. *Kalki* or *Kalkin*. This is yet in the future, at the end of an age of universal depravity, to award retribution to the wicked and recompense to the righteous.

The third person of the Hindu *tri-murti* is Shiva, the destroyer and reproducer of nature. He is usually seen riding on a bull, which, like him, is generally white. His throat is dark blue, because of the poison he is said to have drunk at the churning of the sea of milk ; his hair of a light reddish hue, thickly matted together. He is sometimes seen with two hands, sometimes with four, eight or ten ; and with five faces. He has three eyes, one being in the centre of his forehead. He holds a trident in his hand ; is wrapped round with a tiger skin, wears a necklace of skulls, and entwines serpents in his hair.

He is represented as having attained to the highest perfection in austerity and meditation, and is believed, even now, to be sitting on Koilas, an imaginary peak of the Himalayas, constantly augmenting his power by religious austerities. He is represented as the lord of spirits and demons, haunting cemeteries and burying-grounds in terrible array. But this dreadful being some-

times relaxes, for he is elsewhere represented as *Bhola Nath*, or the Simple Lord, because he is always intoxicated, and in this condition rolling and rollicking in mad frenzy.*

The *Sàkti* or wife of this terrible god is Durga, a fitting spouse for such a lord. She has ten arms, each filled with terrible weapons. Another favorite form of this goddess is that known as *Kālī*. She is represented as a very black female with four arms, holding in one a scymetar, in the other a gigantic head by the hair. She wears two dead bodies for ear-rings and a necklace of skulls, while her tongue hangs down to her chin. She is represented as drunk with the blood of the giants whom she has destroyed ; her eyes are bloodshot, while blood is falling in a stream down her breast.

This is the amiable goddess who is the chief object of worship among the inhabitants of Bengal. At her shrine, a crimson carnage still distinguishes the sacrifice best pleasing to her.

This terrible *third* of the Hindu triad is, as may be imagined, the personification of irascibility and vindictive-

* There is no representation of this god so common and so popular, however, as the phallic symbol known as the *lingam*. The origin of this abominable worship is unknown, but there are stories in the *puranas* on the subject, which are too vile for reproduction. And yet this scandalous image is worshipped by men and women with surpassing relish everywhere, in the open field, on the way side, in temples, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from the mouth of the Ganges to that of the Indus.

ness. On one occasion, being disturbed at his devotion, fire darted from his middle eye and consumed the unfortunate god who had dared to disturb him. In a drunken fit, he struck off the head of his son, and when reproached by his wife for the act, he replaced it by the head of an elephant,—hence Ganesha, the popular god of good luck, whose uncouth representation adorns almost every house and every shop in India.

Such is the Hindu *tri-murti*, or triad of gods ! As before remarked, Brahma is little more than a name ; the orthodoxy of modern Hinduism is divided between the worship of Vishnu and Shiva. The former are called Vaishnavas, the latter Saivas. They write their sectarian badges upon their forehead in red, yellow or white pigments ; the Vishnu worshippers being distinguished by two perpendicular strokes meeting below in a curve, while the Saivas mark themselves with three horizontal lines. While there are points of contact and lines of affinity between these two chief sects, there is enough difference to make a radical discord. Each party is in possession of legends and fables giving his patron god the palm of superiority over the other. This sectarian feud is fed by the particular form of religious thought and worship, which each professes. The worship of Vishnu, through its *avatárs*, professes to bring God down to man for his service and worship ; the worship of Shiva, endeavours to raise him by religious austerities to the power

of Deity ; the first is the way of sensuous worship, the second of austere and self-denying effort. Hence we find that while Vaishnavism is the most popular, Saivism is the most powerful, representing as it does the self-denying fanaticism of modern Hinduism.

Beside and below this celebrated *tri-murti*, the Hindu pantheon, in its vast assemblage of thirty-three crores of gods, furnishes a deity for every want, and every exigency of human life. Every season, every month, every day has its presiding deity ; every distress, every calamity, every ailment has its appropriate protector ; even the *itch* has its god. Indeed, there is no object so mean, so ignoble as to be below Hindu worship. Snails and serpents, fire and water, sticks and stones, are each and all deified and worshipped. Such is the degrading and senseless polytheism which Hinduism has reached by the law of moral gravitation, notwithstanding its ideal creed of One Brahm without a second !

But, secondly, what is the Hindu's conception of man's own being and nature ? True to his Vedantic belief, he maintains that Brahm really exists, and only Brahm. The universe is but a form of Brahm. The human body is but a temporary envelopment of matter, through which the soul exercises thought, consciousness and sensation. This envelopment, however, must be dissolved and re-erected in some other form, through which the soul must pass from age to age. But what is the Soul—the real

man ? It is an emanation of the Divine Spirit, and unto Him it must return. The Hindu believes, without qualification or reserve, that his inner spirit, that which goes from body to body—*is the Deity !* The Supreme Spirit is individuated by union with particular portions of matter, and we call these individuated Souls, men ; they are in reality, God himself.

But man is conscious of imperfections, of limitations, totally opposed to the idea of his being, in part, the Divine Spirit. He is, moreover, conscious of personal identity, and personal wholeness. No matter ; these are but the effects of the *Máya*, or illusion with which he is enveloped. Indeed, these constitute the source of his misery and wretchedness ; let him reject the testimony of his consciousness, and recognize the truth "*Ahang Brahm,*" I am Brahm, and he is free.

But if man's soul is Brahm, then all his sins and misdeeds are God's ? However monstrous the proposition, it is the logical outcome of the Hindu's position, and he does not shrink from it. Brahm is the origin and the author of all evil. There is no deed, however wicked, but he traces to the Supreme spirit ; he, the individuated spirit, is helpless in its environment.

This being the Hindu's view of his own nature, we are prepared for his conception of full and final blessedness. Regarding himself as a spark of Divinity, imprisoned and incarcerated in an envelopment of matter,

he looks forward with dismay to the almost endless vista of births and dissolutions before him. He believes himself fettered to an illusive and changeful existence through eighty-four *lakhs*, or eighty-four hundred thousand births and dissolutions. How many of these are past he does not know ; how many yet remain, he cannot conjecture. Now he is a man—a Brahman, perhaps ; what was he before ? Perhaps a reptile, a flea, a stone, rising in the scale of honorable and intelligent being. Or, perhaps, he was a king, a demi-god, an inhabitant of heaven for a season, but now doomed to disgrace and downfall ! Whither is he going ? He does not know ; he may ascend, or be degraded still lower. What were his deeds and deserts in previous births ? He has no knowledge ; yet he sternly believes that their effect for good or for evil pursues him inexorably, and cannot be counteracted by anything he can do now.

What is he to do ? Whither is he to escape ? If he discharges his duties aright, and lives a life of virtue and integrity, he may, unless his goodness be counteracted by the evil of his past births, which is quite likely, rise to be a king in a future birth. If there, he rule equitably and fulfill all his religious duties sacredly, he may in the next birth be born in heaven ; he may spend thousands of ages there ; but he must again descend and take other forms, and reap the full fruit of his actions for good and for evil, until the dread appointed tale of births and disso-

lutions is over. No rest of heart, no firm or stable stepping-place for the foot, until this interminable tunnel of gloom and darkness is crossed. UNTIL!—Millions of years must pass, ages upon ages must go by, before this darksome passage is traversed.

This being the Hindu's future, his *summum bonum* is liberation. And what is liberation? Release from the illusive spell which binds him with fetters inexorable to an uncertain and distressing existence, so that the spark divine of his individuated soul may ascend to and be absorbed in Brahm, the Supreme Spirit. Death of personal conscious existence is the Hindu's alternative to the positive annihilation of Buddhism. And this is his full, his final blessedness! For this he struggles, and weeps, and worships! For this he tortures his body, and destroys his sensibilities, and endeavours to make his mind and intellect a senseless blank! This end which he believes to be inevitable at the termination of the full appointed tale of births and dissolutions, he believes, may, nevertheless, be reached by a quicker route. The dread "eighty-four" may be sundered, cut short; and the final blessedness of absorption into Brahm secured without the necessity of traversing the whole dreary course of the dark labyrinth.

We thus come, lastly, to the means enjoined in the Hindu system for attaining to this greatly desired end. Strange as it may seem, this *summum bonum* is not at-

tainable by works of merit, or even by a life of goodness and virtue. Work, whether good or bad, demands recognition and recompense, and these only continue the dreary round of existence. The soul must get to a position beyond working and striving, beyond planning and purposing, beyond wishing and desiring. Becoming utterly insensible to these, dead to the illusive personality of being, the soul must rise to recognize its essential identity with Brahm. This is to be gained by severe and abstracted meditation, under the guidance of a Guru, or teacher. Sankaracharya, one of their most renowned writers, thus puts it: "The recluse, pondering the teacher's words, 'Thou art the Supreme Being,' and receiving the text of the Vedas, 'I am God,' having thus in three several ways—by the teacher's precept, by the word of God, by his own contemplation—persuaded himself 'I am God,' obtains liberation." Hence, deliverance from ignorance, or true knowledge, is the way leading to this much coveted consummation ; and this way is accordingly called *Gyān-Mārg*, or the knowledge-way.

There are thousands of Yogis in India to-day, who, by various processes, are seeking this way of knowledge, and through it, to liberation and absorption. Living in caves and jungles and desert places, renouncing all earthly ties and bonds, practicing, if not actually attaining to, complete deadness to eternal sensibilities and passions,—their existence, in its outward aspect at least, becomes as dead

and as complete a blank as this sacred nihilism can require. But alas ! for the delusion which enchains them ; the tortured and emaciated body, the vacant, wandering mind, the persistent self-persuasion of identity with Brahm, bring these infatuated devotees no nearer to union with the Supreme Spirit.

This way of deliverance is, of course, not suited to the multitude. All cannot become recluses ; the ordinary calling and craft of the masses must continue, and this way of knowledge is therefore unsuited to them. Another way, therefore, has been devised for the common herd, which, although tortuous and uncertain, conduces, the Brahmans say, to the same end. This is the way of works or *Karma Mārg*. A strict observance of caste requirements, obedience and gifts to the Brahmans, and worship of the gods with all its parade and paraphernalia, constitute the main features of this way of works devised for the multitude.

As to caste, the original four have been divided and subdivided into an infinitesimal labyrinth of distinctions. The old rigor and jealousy, too, with which those distinctions were maintained, have, in many particulars given way before the advance of broad and progressive culture. The Brahman and the Sudra rub shoulders together in the same street and steam car ; sit upon the same bench and look out of the same book in school and *madrassa* ; and refresh themselves with ice manufactured from water

and other compounds by low caste men, or worse, the Europeans. Still, for each of these violations of caste rigidity, some sacred excuse is devised; and the old restrictions with regard to intercourse between the several castes are still strictly enforced. To use the just and forcible words of the *Indo Prakāsh*, a native reforming journal, this caste system "cripples the independent action of individuals, sows the seed of bitter discord between the different sections of society, encourages to most abominable practices, and dries up all the springs of that social, moral and intellectual freedom which alone can secure greatness, whether to individuals or nations." The law of caste supersedes the law of conscience, and a man may cheat, thief or lie without social or religious penalties, while a breach of caste rule would at once put upon him the terrible ban of ostracisation from his own family and kindred, and excommunication from every religious right and privilege.

Homage to the Brahmins is another sacred duty. At every domestic incident, birth, marriage or death; at every mela and worshipping shrine; at every eclipse, lunar and solar, and at all the appointed feast days, which are legion, there must be a special feeing of this sacred class. Besides this, there are hungry strolling Brahmins by the hundreds, who have only to pass along the streets and shops, striking their greedy belly with their palms, and uttering the well-known cry—

"*Brahman hai!*" to exact their customary tribute. In addition to all this again, there is not a well-to-do Hindu but has his religious teacher or *Guru*, and the homage paid to such teacher is only surpassed by the greedy rapacity of the *Guru* himself. This *Guru* is often regarded by the poor Hindu as his particular deity, and is worshipped and adored as a substitute for the gods themselves. Of course, he is not slack in pursuing his claims, and the religious Hindu is bound to do his utmost to gratify his every wish.

The worship of the gods is of course an urgent requirement. The common people know very little of the gods themselves ; their little scrap of information is picked up from the fragments of the great Epic poems which are sung or chanted by the Brahmans. *Mahadeo*, or *Shiva*,—under the vile representation of the *lingam*, *Krishna*, the lewd Apollo of Hinduism, *Râma Chandra*, the mythical king of Ayodhya, and *Ganesha*, the elephant-headed son of Shiva, are the favorite gods of the multitude. Among the goddesses, *Lakshmi*, the spouse of Vishnu, and the bloody *Durgâ* or *Kâli*, and *Râdha*, the adulterous companion of Krishna are chiefly worshipped. In temples, in groves, by the river side, the multitudes prostrate themselves, offer their oblations and go their way. There are particular shrines and worshipping places, which must be visited at particular seasons.

The rudest representations are chosen for worship ;

among the numberless idols of the Hindus, there is not one distinguished for grace or symmetry of form. Often, but a block of stone is taken, set up under a tree, anointed with vermilion and adopted as the Deity.

What is the particular view taken by the worshipper of the idol before which he bows? The learned view it as a symbol and a reminder of the Deity ; the mystical, as containing, through the charms and invocations offered, the spiritual presence of the god represented ; but the ignorant multitude regard the idol as really and truly God.

The repetition of the name of a god is considered an acceptable and important form of worship. Hence the religious Hindu will employ the name of Ráma as often as possible in his ordinary conversation. His usual salutation is "Ráma ! Ráma !" He expresses his amazement, his disgust, with "Ráma ! Ráma !" If he yawn or sneeze, he will repeat Ráma's name ; if at leisure, with nothing to occupy him, he will dreamily roll his beads and repeat this name. It is not at all necessary that he should think upon his god, as he repeats his name, or even that he should be consciously intelligent of the exercise. It is the sound of the name, not the sincerity or purpose of the worshipper, which gives potency to the exercise. A Bhil,* we are told, unwittingly killed a Brahman, and was instructed to constantly repeat the word *Mará* (dead) as an expiation for this grave

* A tribe of Mountain robbers.

offence. He did so for years, the syllable *Mara*, *Mara*, repeated rapidly, forming the powerful invocation *Râma ! Râma !* Vishnu, accordingly, appeared to the man, and granted him enlightenment, so that he became the well-known Brahman Vâlmiki, the author of the *Râmâyana*.

One of the most degrading results of this idol worship has been the formation of secret sects or societies, called *Vamacârins*, or left-hand worshippers. These societies devote themselves to the worship of the female counterparts of the deities, or *Saktis*, and hence are known as *Sâktas*. The religious ceremonies of this class of persons are performed at night, in secret. At these midnight orgies, men and women unite ; the restraints of caste are for the time laid aside, and lust and sensuality reign supreme in the sacred name of religion. So utterly vile are these religious exercises that it is verily "a shame to speak of the things which are done by them in secret." Thus by means the most contrary,—the deadening of bodily appetites and passions, and their most brutal gratification,—the infatuated Hindu aims at liberation from the coils of a burdensome existence ; if haply, by some means, his luckless life might be lost in eternal oblivion !

Such is a cursory view of Hinduism, as a system ; a plunge downward, with ever-increasing momentum, through the centuries, on the downgrade of moral gravitation ! Have none arisen to stay the sliding, to stem

the torrent of degradation and ignorance? Yes, reformers have appeared and protested against various phases of the great evil ; they have attracted disciples, lived their brief span and died. Some of the sects thus formed continue to this day, but their influence is powerless against the mammoth superstition of Hinduism. The fact is, they are themselves blighted with its deadly breath, and must in the end succumb to its power.

The most powerful protest offered in late years to the pretensions of this gigantic superstition has been by the *Brahmos*, or members of the theistical societies organized chiefly in Bengal. This movement was organized in 1814, by the well-known Brahman, Raja Rām Mohun Roy. He contended for the abolition of *Sati*, and for the promotion of education ; and preached a pure monotheism as founded upon the Vedas. Upon his decease, the movement was carried forward by leaders of ability and courage, making broader and bolder sweeps of reformation, until, under the late Keshub Chunder Sen, the last vestige of caste restrictions and veneration for the Vedānta, were thrown over. The result was a belief in the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind." As might be expected from a creed so broad and vague, the most erratic conceptions have mingled with their profession and worship. Still the Brahmo Somāj, with all its divisions and vagaries, is a standing protest against polytheism, caste and sacerdotalism ; and

many who have toiled and prayed for the regeneration of India have turned their eye hopefully to what promised to be a vestibule into the sanctuary of Christian faith and rest. *Brahmoism*, however, as a ruling factor in the religious life of the nation, can exert but an ephemeral influence : it lacks the stability of an authoritative revelation, the inspiration of a living embodiment !

From the above sketch, it will appear that the old Indo Aryan race, after a busy round of forty centuries, with their panoramic exhibition of pantheism, polytheism and fetichism, are looking to-day, as they did then, toward the One Great, Supreme Spirit ! The circle ends where it began, although its diameter covers four thousand years. Through all these changes of creed and profession, though all these religious and ceremonial manipulations, there throbs the desire to know GOD ! With eyes blindfold, yet with hands outstretched in anxious search, the nation gropes after GOD ! Oh ! what a horror of darkness,—a darkness that may be felt,—yet from that darkness there comes the wild cry for help.

The ground is crumbling on every side. Broad gaps and deep fissures shake the heavy edifice to its foundation. Its interior is honeycombed with its own corruption ; administrative and political reforms with pick and spade of advancing culture have dug about its basement ; secular and religious education have mined the foundations, while active evangelistic effort has torn away many a bold ramp-

art and demolished many an overhanging balcony. The hoary edifice of Hinduism *must* fall, and the absorbing, resounding question is not WHEN, but WHITHER ? Shall it splash into the dark, seething waters of religious nihilism which gape at its feet ? The engines of destruction are surely and steadily at work. Shaken from the moorings of their ancient faith, from their traditional customs, shall the millions of India be given over to a Saharan scepticism, whose dust is blindness, whose sunbeams are death ?

Hasten to the rescue, ye men and women of God ! A mighty crisis is at hand ; a great nation is to be led forth from a captivity worse than Egypt's ; the gates of brass are already bursting asunder, and the command waits to be given "Go forth !" But a roaring sea, the Red Sea of sceptical soul-carnage, rages before, threatening to engulf them. Oh for the Moseses of faith and devotion to lead this downtrodden nation into the land of rest and plenty ! Oh ! for the Aarons of holy fervor and sanctity to go before, while the waters part in twain, and the redeemed of India go forth, dry-shod, into the Canaan of Christian life and liberty ! Oh for the joyful and triumphant Miriams to "sound the loud timbrel" in token of eternal salvation and victory ! Ah !

"Who will answer, quickly saying,
Here am I, send ME, send ME !"

III.

GANGA MÁI;*

OR,

PRACTICAL HINDUISM.

TRADITIONAL religion is the product of numerous and diverse elements. The history of a country,—its myths and legends, its facts and fiction;—the social customs of the people, their habits and manner, their forms and fashions;—the political contour of the government, its rights and restraints, its preserves and penalties,—all contribute to mould the religious belief and practice of the people. Nay, more; the physical features of the country—its geography, geology, archæology,—all go to make up the sum total of its traditional theology.

Hinduism, so far from being an exception to this rule, is, from its cloud-wreathed antiquity, the best exemplification of it. As a system of religious belief,—so profound, so puerile; so vast, so contracted; so abstruse, so absurd,—it is inexplicable save as the total product of the life-issue of a nation, second to no other in age and

* Literally, Ganges Mother.

adventure. To fathom the depths of this turbid sea you must dredge sand and silt, sound rock and reef; nay, strain even the froth and foam which dance on its billows. Partial and one-sided views are easily taken and tenaciously maintained, but they are caricatures at best of the whole truth. Here is one who lauds Brahmanical morality and virtue to the skies; here is another who discounts the entire system of its ethical teaching! Here is one who sees nothing but depths of profundity and heights of sublimity in Hindu philosophy; here is another who is unable to detect a grain of sound wisdom in the slush of its absurdity. Macaulay pronounces it "of all superstitions the most irrational, the most inelegant and the most immoral." * Ballantyne characterizes it as "a calm, clear, collected exposition of principles." † Who is right, Macaulay or Ballantyne? Neither; both. Neither wholly; both partially. And the reason is obvious. Hinduism is the commixture,—not the commingling—of diverse features of thought; it is a mosaic of different hues, some of them totally inharmonious and unblending; and the selection of one or a few favorite colors, with the warmest and truest expatiation of their qualities, cannot correctly represent the whole.

Thus, in order to get a fairly accurate view of Hinduism as a practical religious system, it is infinitely better to

* Speech on the Gates of Somnauth.

† "Bible for the Pundits."

take into view some phase of its actual working, than to pick out one or more abstract features of its policy or philosophy, and descant upon their merits or demerits. In this cake of many and diverse compounds, if we would have a fairly correct view of the whole,—better slice off a clear cut from end to end, no matter how rough and jagged the cut, than to pick out a few of the ingredients according to fancy or taste, and then smack the lips or wry our mouth, as they may affect our palate.

Such a specimen slice of practical Hinduism we propose to serve up in the muddy platter of the *Ganga* River bed. Muddy, indeed, and bedaubed with the puddle and slush of ages,—yet laden with sacred interest as the object of hope and adoration to five thousand generations of a nation leading the van in philosophy and culture, when the world around was buried in darkness.

Mighty *Ganga*! An overwhelming awe chains the senses and holds the mind in speechless subjugation, as we traverse the dazzling heights of the Himalayan mountain chain, in search of the first springs of its sacred waters. Attaining an elevation of 14,000 feet above sea level, we face the world of glaciers, with its interminable barriers of eternal snow. Oak and cedar have long since disappeared; pines have grown scarce; only white birch, silver firs and dwarf rhododendrons occupy the dark patches of mountain rock not covered by glistening snow.

A deep gorge or valley with precipitous walls of almost vertical rock lies before us; it is the bed of the sacred stream. Glancing above the valley, seventeen mountain peaks, draped in dazzling white to their very base, pierce the heavens, the lowest exceeding 20,000 feet in elevation. Most conspicuous among these, from their colossal proportions, are the five peaks of the mighty Samero Purbut of Rudru Himaleh, enclosing a sort of semi-circular amphitheatre filled with snow, where Mahadeo* (the Great god) sits enthroned in supreme majesty, surrounded by clouds and mists, and wastes of impassable snow.

Ascending the valley or gorge, we come at length upon a huge embankment of frozen snow, 200 feet high perpendicularly, extending right across the valley, here nearly three-quarters of a mile broad. At the base of this glacier, is a tunnel-like chasm, or low arch, called the Cow's Mouth, through which the Ganga issues forth, with a width of thirty feet and a depth of from one to three feet. This is commonly regarded as the source of the Ganga, but as the stream is here already a full and rapidly flowing river, we are disposed to search farther up for the mysterious first-springs of the sacred stream.

Climbing up this huge glacier which gradually slopes upward towards the snow-clad mountains beyond, we find its surface ridged by deep and serried hollows, filled

* A name of Shiva, the third in the Hindu triad.

in places with clear, pellucid water more than a hundred yards deep. Fantastic peaks and pinnacles of translucent ice uprise here and there, reflecting beautiful prismatic colors under the bright rays of the sun. All around, the horizon is bounded by a continuous unbroken barrier of snowy ridges, crowned by towering peaks and majestic summits. "Here seasons never change: unbroken winter ever reigns."

But look upward towards the head of the glacier. Is that Niagara instantaneously frozen before us? It must be; yet, no,—for it is infinitely grander, more sublime, more stupendous! A tremendous cataract, raging, writhing, foaming, suddenly caught and transfixed in frozen snow. What a spectacle. Above, around, beneath, the solemnity of an awful and preternatural solitude reigns! In this majestic cathedral, of snowy aisles and granite columns, and canopy of deep cerulean firmament, one Presence reigns supreme, and we instinctively exclaim, with Coleridge:

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gate of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
GOD! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!

And now, looking down, behold an immense longitudinal chasm in the glacier upon which we stand. In some places, this chasm is completely arched over with solid ice; in others it appears to have been closed or bridged by blocks having fallen in from above. Peering down into this glassy chamber, you may see clusters of gigantic icicles exceeding fifty feet in length, hanging from the underfaces of the walls on either side, while stalactites of translucent ice, like massive pillars, support the crystal vault. Deep down in this chasm, glides, weird-like, the slender rill which swells hereafter into the full tide of the mighty Ganga,* with rush and roar and loud reverberation; tumbling, tossing, laughing, sighing, the swift current makes haste to quit its icy bed for the genial sun-warmth below. On, on,—though but a baby rill as yet,—to water and fertilize half a continent swarming with population; to become the main artery of commerce and navigation to the country, until upon its waters rides a mine of wealth computed annually at twelve million pounds sterling; to wash the feet of scores of populous cities; to receive the incense of praise and adoration from millions of devoted votaries; and to bear down to the ocean, after a winding length of 1500 miles, not only enough sand and silt in a year to build sixty Great Pyramids, but the heavier, fouler burden of a vast and by no means too virtuous nation's sins and shortcomings.

* Taken chiefly from the graphic Author of "Forest and Field."

At this awful and inaccessible height but few pilgrims venture. The place is too sacred for mortal tread. Here, according to current tradition, Himávat, the god of the mountains, dwells. In these misty wastes, the mighty Shiva or Mahadeo practiced those terrible austerities, which raised him to such power in the scale of god-head. Here Durga or Párvati, the daughter of Himávat, —enamoured of Shiva, laid siege to his heart. But she found it no easy matter to captivate the devout Shiva, who continued absorbed in his devotions regardless of the charms of the fair wooer. Himávat, her father, obtained Shiva's consent to his daughter's waiting on him while at his devotion, in the hope that he might be thus overcome; but this plan failed. The stern Shiva was proof against all her offices and services of love. Then Kandarpa, the god of love, undertook her cause; and watching his opportunity, while Shiva opened his eyes from his meditation to receive an offering of flowers and a necklace from Párvati, he let fly his arrow straight at the mighty deity. Though smitten, Shiva, in majestic anger, darted one look at Kandarpa, when fire issued from the third eye in the middle of Shiva's forehead and reduced Kandarpa to ashes! The enraged deity left the place for another forest, and Párvati despairing of success, returned home full of sorrow!

But she was not to be defeated: she would try what religious austerities would do in winning the stern god's

love. And now, in the mist and upon the mountains, through clouds and snow, behold her engaging in a course of religious performances, whose terrible rigor fairly alarmed her mother. But she persevered, determined to conquer, until Shiva, overcome and vanquished, appeared to her and yielded to her overtures. But what a husband had she won! Three-eyed, toothless, clad in a tiger's skin, encircled with snakes, girdled with skulls, riding on a wild bull! Alas! if ever love was blind, it was here. Yet married they were, Shiva and Párvati, in these mountain-wastes, to the wonderment of the entire celestial court. Yet, it would appear that the three-eyed deity did not make so good a bargain after all, for Párvati turned out to be a veritable shrew and vexed her husband with strifes and jealousies; so that to-day she is represented as standing with one foot upon her husband's breast, who lies prostrate upon the ground at her feet.

Passing by the dizzy theatre of these god-like scenes, we descend to Gangoutri, a few miles below the Cow's Mouth, where the famous shrine of Ganga's abode attracts the Hindu pilgrim. Scarped, overhanging cliffs, fringed with dark pines and splintered crags, tower up on every side, while through dark rifts and narrow chasms, the sacred stream forces its passage in a succession of rapids at certain places more than three hundred feet deep. On each side of this precipitous channel is a slope, varying

from a hundred yards to half a mile in breadth, well wooded with pine and cedar, whilst above this again rise steep lateral cliffs, fringed with pine and birch, for the most part covered with snow.

On the right bank, about fifteen feet above the stream, upon a slab of rock (held sacred as the spot upon which Ganga used to worship Mahadeo or Shiva) is a small unpretending square pagoda, with melon-shaped roof, scarcely twelve feet high, surrounded by a low wall of unhewn stone. This insignificant-looking edifice is the celebrated temple of Gangoutri, one of the most revered shrines of Hindu worship, being universally regarded as the actual abode of the goddess Ganga. On entering the little courtyard, paved with smooth stones from the bed of the river, another small temple may be seen, dedicated to Byránji. In the sides of the rocks, numerous caves have been excavated for the use of the pilgrims. In the great temple itself, little is to be seen,—the supreme object of adoration being a small silver image of the goddess herself, before which a few oil lamps are constantly kept burning.

This place, though superlatively sacred, is, from its inaccessibility, visited by few pilgrims. There are those, however, who have vowed to make a pilgrimage from source to end of the sacred stream, and they may be seen here starting on their weary round. Others are visiting this sacred shrine from the plains of India, bear-

ing away with them the precious freight of the waters of the sacred stream. Fatigue and cold and poverty sadly strip the ranks of the infatuated devotees, and many sink to rise no more. Yet the shout rings jubilantly from those who survive, "Gangā Mái ki jai!" as, shouldering their burdens, they trudge down the mountains, weary and footsore, yet exultant that an important duty has been fulfilled!

But what or who is the Gangā, and why is she so fervently adored?

The goddess Gangā, we are told, is another daughter of the mountain-god Himāvat, and therefore the sister of Pārvati, the spouse of Shiva. In heaven, where she cleanses away the sins of the gods, she is known as Mundakinee. Her descent to earth was in this wise: A certain king of Ayodhya, (Oudh) Ságara, having no children, entered upon a long course of austere devotions, as a reward for which the gods promised him sixty thousand sons from one of his wives, and one son from the other. After some time his queen presented him with a pumpkin, which the king, in anger, dashed to the ground, when out sprang the promised progeny. His other queen presented him with one son, named Angshuman. After these sons were grown up, King Ságara resolved once more to perform the sacrifice of a horse before his death, and committed the victim to the care of his sixty thousand sons. Now the person who performs

this sacrifice one hundred times succeeds to the throne of heaven ; this being Ságara's hundredth sacrifice, Indra, the reigning sovereign of heaven, being alarmed at the thought of losing his throne, carried off the horse into the lower regions, and fastened it near to Kapila, a devout sage. Ságara commanded his sons to go in search of the chosen sacrifice. They, failing to find it on the earth, dug down to Patála, where they found the horse standing by the side of Kapila, who was absorbed in his devotions. They, supposing him to be the thief, rated him soundly, when the sage, losing his moral equipoise, in anger, reduced them all to ashes.

The king sent his son Angshuman to seek for his lost brothers. He found their ashes, and the horse feeding near them. Unable to find water to pour upon their ashes so that they might ascend to heaven, Kapila directed him now to take the horse and complete his father's sacrifice, assuring him that his (Angshuman's) grandson should in due course obtain for their ashes the heavenly Ganga. Ságara reigned thirty thousand years ; Angshuman, thirty-two thousand ; his son Dilipa, thirty thousand ; all these continued in the practice of the most rigorous austerities for the promised boon, but without success.

Bhagiratha, Dilipa's son, earnestly sought the same boon, and after one thousand years, Bṛamha signified his pleasure by commanding him to ask a boon. Bhagiratha

begged that he might receive the celestial Ganga, that the ashes of his relatives, being wetted by her waters, they might ascend to heaven. The prayer was granted; the mighty goddess descended in an overwhelming flood, which—to prevent the earth being wholly washed away—was caught by the great god Shiva in the coils of his hair, whence it was discharged in several streams upon the earth. Thence it descended into Patála, washed the ashes of Ságara's sons, who being delivered from the curse, ascended in chariots to heaven.

Thus brought down to earth, she continues to stay, to wash away the sins of her worshipers, and to procure them admission into heaven. Her waters have the most wondrous efficacy. The *Ganga Vakya Vali* thus describes her sanctity and power: "By *bat*hing in Ganga, accompanied with prayer, a person will remove at once the sins of thousands of births. If a person who has been guilty of killing cows, bramhans,* his guru,† etc. (the most heinous sins in the Hindu's estimation), *touch* the waters of Ganga, desiring in his mind the remission of these sins, they will be forgiven." But, more wonderful still,—“If a person, according to the regulations of the Shástra, be *going to bathe* in the Ganga, and die on the road, he shall obtain the same benefits as though he had actually bathed.” Nay, further, “at the time of death, if a person *think* upon Ganga, he will obtain a

* The sacred priestly caste.

† A religious teacher.

place in the heaven of Shiva;" but still further,—“ He who *thinks* upon Ganga, though he may be eight hundred miles distant from the river at the time, is delivered from all sin, and is entitled to heaven.” *

With such credentials it is no wonder that this goddess should be so intensely revered. Journeys of five or six months are undertaken by pilgrims to bathe in its sacred waters, to perform the rites for deceased relatives, or to carry its water to their homes for religious and medicinal purposes. The water of this river is used in English courts of justice to swear witnesses upon, although sometimes a respectable Hindu will refuse to take oath on this water for its very sacredness. The utmost anxiety is cherished, and pains employed to die by the banks of the Ganga, and the vilest opprobrium is cast upon those who choose to die in their homes. Should a person die at a distance from the sacred river, his relations procure a bone at the time of burning the body, and at some future time commit the bone to the Ganga, in the hope of securing his salvation. This custom is endorsed by the following sacred story: A bramhan, guilty of the greatest crimes, was devoured by wild beasts; his bones only remained. A crow took up one of these bones, and, carrying it over Ganga, accidentally let it drop in the sacred waters. As soon as the bone touched Ganga, the bramhan sprang

* Ward's Views of the Hindus, p. 166. *Note.*

to life, and was ascending to heaven, when the messenger of Yama, the judge of the dead, seized him as a great sinner. Vishnu decided, however, that as his bone had touched Ganga, his sins were all washed away, and to heaven he went accordingly.

This wondrous efficacy of the Ganga, indeed, provoked a complaint from Yama, the punisher of the wicked. He appealed to the gods that his work was well-nigh ended, since the most sinful persons, through her cleansing, ascended to heaven, and his officers were therefore ready to give up their places in disgust. Indra, the god of heaven, advised him, however, not to place his messengers in any situation where the wind, passing over Ganga, blew, since all persons touched even by the wind of this sacred river, had all their sins removed and would go to heaven.*

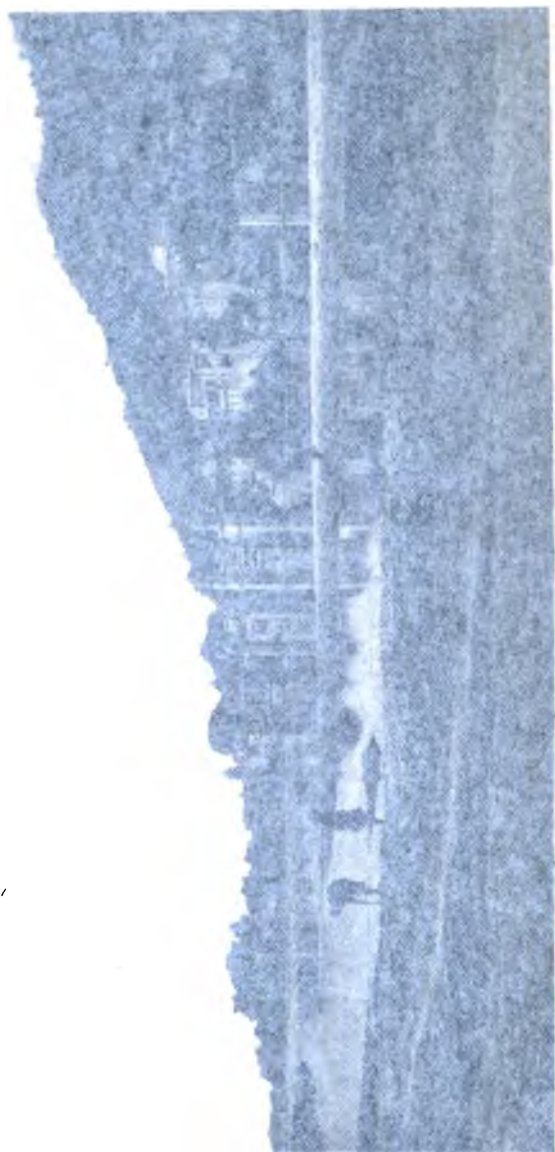
Descending the sacred channel, we leave behind the mountains with their precipitous torrents and foaming cascades, and arrive at the place where the Ganga enters upon the great plain of Hindustan, at an elevation of only 1,024 feet above the sea. This place is called Gangadwara (the door of Ganga), or more commonly, Haridwar (the door of Hari or Vishnu). This spot is celebrated as the scene of the great sacrifice offered by Daksha, one of the seven progenitors of mankind, born from the thumb of Bramha. Daksha's daughter, Sati, was married

* Ward's View, p. 48.



HARDWAR.

[illegible]



HARDWAR.

to the mighty god Shiva, but Daksha, being offended with his son-in-law, omitted to invite him and his wife to the sacrifice. Sati, however, insisted upon going; on her arrival, the irascible old patriarch poured such a torrent of abuse upon his son-in-law, Shiva, that she, utterly overcome, threw herself into the flames of the sacrifice and perished. Upon this, Shiva, exasperated, tore off a lock of his hair and cast it with violence to the ground. Up sprang therefrom a mighty giant, of the name of Virabhadra, with a thousand hands, whom Shiva sent to destroy the sacrifice. A tremendous rout ensued; the furious giant laid about him right and left, pummelling the gods, maiming one, cutting off the nose of another, knocking in the teeth of a third, trampling others under foot, and worst of all, cutting Daksha's head off. The gods complained to Brahma of this rough treatment, whereupon he hastened to Shiva to intercede for Daksha. Shiva then went personally to the scene of disorder, and resuscitated Daksha, but as his head could not be found, a goat's head was clapped on instead. This sacrifice of Daksha, and the subsequent contest, are perpetuated in Hindu sculpture, and make conspicuous figures both at Elephanta and Ellora.*

Haridwâr is a shrine of peculiar sanctity, and is throughout the year visited by throngs of pilgrims. The town itself is inconsiderable, but at the time of the vernal

* Garrett's Classical Dictionary of India, p. 147.

equinox, a religious fair, the largest in India, is here held. Pilgrims and dealers in all kinds of merchandise assemble from Cabul, Cashmere, Nepal, the Panjāb, and even from Tartary. It is estimated that no less than two millions of human beings congregate at this spot annually; while every twelfth year, a still more celebrated Mela is held, at which the concourse is proportionally larger. While multitudes of pilgrims gather for religious purposes, thousands come for merchandise only. The imports are in horses, cattle and camels, Persian dried fruits, shawls, cloths, drugs, etc.; the returns are made in cotton, piece-goods, indigo, sugar, spices and other tropical productions. Thus religion, social intercourse and sharp-driving commerce pursue their occupations together; and—what wonder if they encroach one upon the other, so that while trade is glossed over with superstition, devotion is secularized, and both are drenched with social immorality and vice.

But come, let us walk through the mela, and see what engages this mighty throng. The chief ingredients are crowd, dust, and noise. You can scarcely elbow your way along for the crowd, see before you for the dust, or hear articulate sounds for the noise. Still we persevere, and pushing right and left, we discern the booths or huts of the pilgrims. Rough and narrow structures of grass afford scant but welcome shelter to the crowd. There are tents, however, for the better class, while not a few gorgeously

colored pavilions are reserved for the wealthy, among whom are rich Thákurs* and titled Rájas.† Thousands of the poorest, however, have no shelter at all; they lie stretched upon the ground, huddled together in gangs and groups, with the sun to warm them by day and the stars to light them by night. The streets are lined with gay and sparkling shops, extemporized for the occasion with canvas awnings, in which every description of goods are exposed for sale. Cloths, vessels of copper and brass, grain products, brocades, tinsels and nick-nacks of a thousand kinds are arranged in tempting array. Each shop is literally besieged, seller and customer vying one with the other as to who shall drive the sharpest bargain, while scores of loungers look on with intense interest, chattering, laughing, scolding, vociferating in the liveliest manner. Here is a *Halwái*, with a tempting array of curiously formed sweetmeats on brass platters, and a smoking oven at which a half-dozen of semi-nude assistants, with dirty and greasy persons, are busy turning out fried hand-cakes, which are no sooner served out than caught up by hungry customers. There is a large booth or shed in which, upon an elevated stand or dais, sit a number of Brahmans, one of whom is vociferously reciting some portion of the Rámáyana to hundreds of listeners squatted before him, who testify their approval by nod and shake and loud acclaim, while others toss over copper

* Land holders.

† Native princes.

and silver coin, or grain or fruit to the stout-lunged clergy, until the carpet before them is covered with the spoil. In another tent, a band of singers, with *saringi** and *dholak*,† are entertaining another crowd, and eking out a scant subsistence. On the outskirts are sheds for horses, cattle, camels and even elephants, which are here traded away for specie or a fair equivalent of other goods.

But, step aside for a moment, and let this gaudy and vociferous pageant pass by. You hear the most discordant notes on horn and cracked trombone, and, utterly bewildered, step in the first booth or shop to see what is passing. Here is an outrider on a camel, beating a pair of drums with might and main; then another camel bearing an important-looking functionary, busy scattering *cowries*‡ and coin to the surrounding throng; then some tinselled rag-tag and bob-tail on gaunt and bony horses; then the hero of the occasion, a lordly Rája perchance, richly attired and riding a heavy horse which goes waddling along, evidently proud of its burden. The procession closes with some more rag-tag and bob-tail; and then—all has swept past, but the dust and the clamorous beggars. These last push and jostle, and cry and clamor over the spoils received or missed,—pronouncing the Rája a prince of generosity or a skin-flint, according to the gain made, in language more forcible than elegant. Indeed, look where you will, these clamorous beggars

* Fiddle.

† Small drum.

‡ Shells.

abound, not only the maimed and lame, the blind and halt, but vast throngs of men and women and wholly naked children, who dog your steps, oppose your advance, tread on your heels, begging, crying, clamoring all the while, until dazed and deafened, you are content to beat a retreat from the busy thoroughfare, and turn aside to the more retired quarter where the religious devotees or fakirs ply their trade and practice their austerities.

What a sight! Here is a group of *Sunyasis*, with cow-dung ash rubbed over their naked bodies, a narrow cloth round their loins, with great coils of artificial hair matted above their heads, clotted with dirt, sitting between blazing fires. Here is the *Khalanta-yogi* with artificial snakes fastened round his forehead, strings of human bones round his neck, covered over with a tiger skin and face smeared with ashes. There sits a *Mouni*, fulfilling his vow of perpetual silence, almost naked, refusing all efforts to engage him in converse; and further on a *Paramhangsa*, perfectly nude, with hair and beard and nails grown like those of a wild animal, seemingly regardless of everything around. Yonder, again, is the *Urdu-Vahu*, who, to fulfil a vow to Vishnu, has held up his right arm so long that it has become stiff, rigid and immovable. There is another lying upon a bed of spikes, another standing on his head, and yet a third buried under ground so completely that but for a minute opening in the earth, over which the dust gently swells and

falls, you would suspect no living person below. But, what is more disgusting than all, here is the *Aghor panthi*, almost naked, carrying in the left hand a human skull, containing urine and ordure, and a pan of burning coals in his right. If the alms, which he claims as a right, are not given at once, he will threaten to eat his foul meal there and then before the people.

Such are the religious devotees or fakirs. Each has his disciples and followers, and round each throngs of admiring pilgrims gather, while not a few are positively worshiped as scarcely inferior to the gods themselves.

Hastening away from this filthy quarter, and passing rows of low booths or huts in which the still more hideous gods are exhibited, we come upon the sacred Ganga, where multitudes are bathing away their sins. The crowd is dreadful. At a particular junction of the heavenly bodies, the auspicious hour arrives, and the rush is simply crushing. At such times, as many as twenty thousand Sunyasis (the followers of Shiva) have been known to meet an equal number of Vairagis (disciples of Vishnu), and fight to determine, who shall descend and bathe in the Ganga first. The Sunyasis say, "Ganga descended from the bunch of hair on the head of our god Shiva, therefore, we must bathe first." The Vairagis reply, "Ganga descended from the foot of our god Vishnu, therefore, the right to bathe first is ours." *

* Ward's View, p. 290. *Note.*

The common people join in the melee, and it is not uncommon for numbers to be trampled under foot or drowned in the scuffle and rush. Meanwhile, the goddess smiles complacently and flows on, bearing away not only the sins, but in many cases the lifeless bodies of its devotees. What matters it, however, for does she not give a sure inheritance in heaven to each one swept beneath her flood?

From Haridwár, the Ganga flows on in a southeasterly course, with a smooth navigable channel, diffusing abundance on all sides by its waters, its products and the facilities it affords for internal transit. Receiving the Rámganga, reinforced by the Kosila, she washes the feet of Kanouj, the former splendid capital of the principal kingdom along the Ganga, comprising the modern provinces of Delhi, Agra, and Oudh. Now it is a small town, with a single street, but the traveler for six miles wanders over a tract covered with scattered ruins. The Rámáyana contains an extraordinary legend of its foundation. The Rája Kusanabha had a hundred beautiful daughters to whom Vayu, the god of the wind, made some amorous proposals, which they rejected. Vayu then, spitefully, rendered them hunchbacked, hence the city in which they lived was called Kanyákubja, the hunchbacked. We are glad to learn that the damsels were afterwards cured, and happily married, all of them, to a young Rája Brahmadata. The most perfect vestige

of the ancient Hindu city is a portion of a small and rude pagoda, its interior adorned with figures of Lakshmi and Ráma, surrounded by the Hindu pantheon in miniature.* Kanouj was the stronghold of Brahmanism when the peninsula was submerged by the Buddhist revolution, and to this day, though obscure, is the cradle of every form of heathen superstition.

On, on, still upon its swift and silent course, the Ganga glides through a pleasant and populous country, abounding in rich pasture lands and fertile meadows, bringing us to the commercially important city of Cawnpore, the population being almost entirely Hindu. The mighty goddess has throngs of worshippers and votaries. For the convenience of her devotees, bathing gháts have been constructed at much expense, and towards this spot a living stream of human beings may be seen daily in full flow, while on fair and special bathing days the crowd is simply overwhelming. Passing down with this throng, any morning, we arrive at the bathing ghát, and watch the devout worshippers. Crowds of persons may be seen plunging into the stream, and without reserve or ceremony performing their devotions—that is, bathing in the sacred waters. “Men and women all bathe at the same places in promiscuous crowds, only that women pay so much regard to decency as that each one of them keeps at the distance of a few yards from men. Women

* McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary.

of the higher and wealthier classes, however, usually screen themselves from public view by bathing behind walls and rooms of masonry or mats built on the banks of rivers." * The men are all but nude, with scarcely the pretence of a covering; the women have a coarse cloth cast around them in bathing.

But let us examine these worshippers a little more attentively. Here is the orthodox and zealous worshipper; mark him, as, gathering some flowers together, he goes to the river side. There he picks out some clean clay, leaves some on the shore, and takes a morsel with him. Entering the water, he immerses himself once, and then rubs himself with the clay, repeating the prayer, "O, Earth, thou bearest the weight of the sins of all; take my sins upon thee, and grant me deliverance." He then invokes the joint efficacy of all the river goddesses,—the Yamuna, Godavery, Saraswati, Nurmada, Sindhu and Kavery,—and again immerses himself, repeating: "On such a day of the month, on such a day of the moon, I, (such a one) bathe in the southwards-flowing Ganga." He then prays somewhat as follows: "O, god, I am the greatest sinner in the world, but thou, among the gods, art the greatest saviour; I leave my cause in thy hands." He then prays for the final happiness of ten millions of his family. Another immersion, while he utters the invocation, "let my guardian deity be propitious;" then

* Ishari Das' Domestic Manners and Customs of the Hindus.

he leaves the water, and as he ascends the bank, wiping his hair, he thus praises the goddess, "O, Ganga, thou art the door of heaven, thou art the watery image of religion, thou art the garland round the head of Shiva; the owl that lodges in the hollow of a tree on thy banks is exalted beyond measure, while the emperor, whose palace is far from thee, though he may possess a million of stately elephants, is nothing." Sitting down on the bank he repeats certain prayers to the sun; then he pours out drink offerings to the gods, to the seven progenitors of mankind, and to his own forefathers; next he forms, with the clay he had reserved, an image of the *ling* (a phallic representation of Shiva), and worships it; then, after sundry other invocations and reiterations, he returns home, if not with a peaceful conscience, at least with the satisfaction of having done his duty.*

This ostentation and prolixity of devotion is, however, limited to but few. The vast throngs of men and women immerse themselves, repeating the name of some god; then walk to a temple adjacent, or to some shrine close at hand, bow to the idol, make an offering of something, offer a short ejaculatory prayer, and retire to their business or their homes. This is the sum total of the religious worship of the multitude.

Passing these bathing ghats, the Ganga glides along, dimpled with ripples, past the Suttee Chowra Ghât, famous

* Ward's View, p. liv.

in the annals of the Indian mutiny of 1857. What a calm scene! The rugged, almost precipitous banks, the sandy beach, the old temple with the worn steps leading down to the water, the great pipal tree growing out of, and overshadowing the temple. How calm; yet that beach, that river-side, have been the scene of one of the most harrowing and thrilling tragedies in the history of this sorrowing world. Look across the beach, in rear of the temple, and you see a winding, sandy pathway leading down from the city to the ghat. Down that winding path, on the 27th June, 1857, came down a shattered band of heroic defenders, with a large company of helpless women and children. After a resistance of twenty days, in the hottest season of the year, during which a mere handful of Europeans had kept at bay thousands of blood-thirsty foes, defended simply by a low mud wall barely four feet high, mounting eight small guns, two of which only were serviceable at the end of the siege, the brave garrison capitulated upon condition that they should be conveyed by river in safety to Allahabad. Weary, foot-sore and exhausted, many sorely wounded, the garrison to the number of four hundred and fifty came down to the river-side, where twenty-four boats lay awaiting their arrival. Of course, the whole horde of savages was upon them using the vilest and most abusive epithets, and scarce restrained from positive violence; yet the hope of soon speeding away from the

disastrous and deadly scene buoyed them up, and inspired courage and patience.

And now the ghát is reached, and the garrison make speed to embark. This is a work of no little difficulty, considering the number of sick and wounded; but at last, all is arranged. The women and children are placed under the rough thatched roofs which partly shade the boats from the scorching sun; the gentlemen, laying down their muskets, pull off their coats in order to work easier at the boats; all is now ready to push off. Hark! was that the flapping of the wings of the death-angel above? A bugle sounds, and with fiendish whoops and cries, the malignant swarms of arch fiends rush forward to their deed of dark and deadly treachery. At the same time, three guns, that had been hidden in the broken ground on the beach, are run out, and begin pouring their storm of grape and shot. In vain, the inveigled garrison try to push off the boats; they are fast stranded in the sand. In vain do they leap into the water: fire, and shot and sword consume them there. In vain do they attempt to resist; the most heroic efforts can only recoil upon themselves. A short half hour has passed, and the work of death is all but completed. The survivors, chiefly women and children, some of them badly wounded, are drawn to the shore. The grown up males are instantly butchered, and then follows a scene unsurpassed in the annals of fiendish cruelty. The barbarous

savages forcibly tear away the infants from the arms of their terror-stricken and helpless mothers—the girls are restored, but the males are cast upon the ground and trampled upon. Infuriated and demonized, the troopers actually tear their tender bodies in two, and cast the writhing limbs into the river, amidst the agonizing shrieks of their mothers. The survivors, to the number of one hundred and thirty, all females, are driven off to await the awful massacre of 16th July.*

Done,—the awful deed is done! Their spirits have ascended from the river unto Him who is the judge of quick and the dead; their blood has dyed its sands red; while their bodies lie beneath the waters of the friendly Ganga, until the trump of the resurrection morn.

We now arrive at the memorable junction of the Ganga and Yamuna at Prayág or Allahabad. The latter stream, rising at an elevation of eleven thousand feet above the sea, amid the snows of the Himalayas, after a course of seven hundred and eighty miles, through which it receives many important tributaries, and washes the feet of the important cities of Delhi and Agra, pours her waters into the Ganga, and thenceforward flows with her, a united stream. The Yamuna herself is a sacred stream,—believed to be the daughter of the sun, and the twin sister of Yama, the judge of the dead.† The point of junction of the Ganga and Yamuna is a specially

* Shepherd's Cawnpore Massacre.

† Garrett's Classical Dicty.

sacred spot, as the Hindus believe that a third, though invisible stream, called the Saraswati, here joins the united rivers. Hence Prayág is visited by throngs of anxious pilgrims, while annually a mela, called the Mágh Mela, is held at the junction of the rivers. Hundreds of thousands of devotees attend from the remotest end of Hindustan. Looking down from the bastions of the fort overlooking the junction, the whole sandy beach presents the most animated appearance. Booths or stalls for the usual glittering display of goods extend on two sides of a sandy street over a mile in length; awnings for audiences attending upon the reading or singing of the Hindu scriptures; the usual complement of filthy fakirs and hideous gods make up the chief characteristic features of this as of all other melas.

But there are some distinctive features which need attention. Get close down to the river's side; you notice a large railed area within which men and women, squatted upon the ground, are being clean-shorn by diligent and hard-working barbers. What are those huge mounds,—nay, hills of black? The shorn locks of the worshippers. Each pilgrim who would derive the full benefit of this sacred shrine must here part with his hair. There is no distinction of age or sex, and these huge piles of black and rusty grey stand in palpable testimony of their ceremonial devotion. The idea formerly was that each hair removed should drop into the Ganga, a million year's

residence in heaven being promised for each hair so dropped. But this notion, which gave the hairy Esaus so great an advantage over the smooth Jacobs, has died out; and a profitable trade is made by the local government with the Parisian hair dressers who transform these rough and sometimes not very clean locks into those charming and unnamed adjuncts of a ladies' toilette which so sorely puzzle the connoisseurs of naturalness.

Thus shaven and shorn,—rid of the blackness of his sins, the pilgrim descends into the stream, assisted by a Brahman priest. These priests abound in hundreds, each one being distinguished by a particular flag; the bathing place is thus studded by numerous distinctive and gaily-colored standards. Together they walk into the stream, which is shallow in parts, and then the pilgrim dips and bathes, and does *pūja* in the usual way. The most sacred spot is the point of junction of the two streams, which is plainly discernible. The Yamuna is clear and greenish; the Ganga, muddy and turbid, and the line of junction is thus clearly defined. Multitudes venture out here, both men and women, and bury themselves below the holy waters, pouring offerings of milk or flowers into the sacred stream, while shouts of *Ganga māi ki jai* resound across the waters with reverberating enthusiasm.

Returning from the bathing, the pilgrims make for the

shrine of a famous Yogi, who sits upon a stone on the brow of the embankment outskirting the fort, and has been sitting there for fifty past years, without house or shelter of any kind. Through the torrid scorching heat, through the freezing cold and drenching rain, there he has sat, until his head is white, and his eyes are sightless, and his form is bent with age. Through the fearful days of the mutiny, he left not his place, but calmly braved the cruelty and cupidity of the blood-thirsty hordes who ransacked the city. Though worshipped as a god, he is exceedingly polite and gentle.

"Why do you sit here, Guru ji?" we ask, greatly interested.

"To meditate on Him who is above," he replies.

"But is He not everywhere present?"

"True," he replies; "but we need eyes to see him, ears to hear his voice."

"How are these to be obtained?" we ask.

"By shutting our eyes and ears to the world."

"Does He communicate himself to you?"

"Certainly He does; He speaks to me by day and by night. While other voices are falling on your ears, His voice is in my ear; while other sights fall on your vision, He reveals Himself to me."

"What is your ultimate hope and wish, Guru ji?"

"I have neither wish nor hope; I am satisfied to be absorbed in Him."

"But have you no interest in the world, no ties of affection?"

"None; the world is but *Máya* (a delusion), there is no reality here."

"Do you never feel afraid?" we ask.

"Afraid, of what? Nothing can harm me."

"But do you not feel the inclemencies of the weather, or need of rest?"

"I have no feeling, but in contemplating Him who is above."

We stand wondering, intensely interested and saddened. While throngs of worshippers kiss his feet, and drop their offerings, which are picked up by his disciples, we tell him of One who said: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And then go on our way in a mental dilemma whether to revere or despise the poor old man.

The anxiety of the Hindu to die by the side of the Ganga has already been referred to, and here, in Prayag, many are brought from immense distances to pass their last hours. "A person in his last agonies is frequently dragged from his bed and friends, and carried, in the coldest or the hottest weather, to the river-side, where he lies, if a poor man, without a covering day or night till he expires. With the pains of death upon him, he is placed up to the middle in the water and drenched with it. Leaves of the *tulsi* plant are put in his mouth, and

his relations call upon him to repeat the names of Ráma, Narain, Hari, Bramha or Ganga. They next spread the sediment of the river on his forehead or breast, and with the finger write on it the name of some deity." * Thus exposed, drenched and besoiled, any hope of survival is mercilessly cut short, and numbers of lives are ruthlessly sacrificed to this pitiable superstition.

Leaving Prayág with its imposing fort, containing a memorable underground temple, representing the entire Hindu pantheon, and a famous tree which is supposed to bleed at its pores ; with its historic river junction, and its celebrated mela, we float down stream upon the waters of the sacred Ganga. And now we approach that supremely sacred city which has been justly designated at once the Athens and the Jerusalem of Hinduism,—the Athens of scholarship and philosophy, the Jerusalem of religious interest and reverence.

Benares or Kási, the splendid, (Varanasi, *Sanskrit*), is the capital of the ancient kingdom of that name, and has a population of about two hundred thousand, out of which at least twenty-five thousand are Brahmans. It is situated imposingly on the banks of the sacred river, extending about four miles from end to end. The view, as you approach the city, is exceedingly fine. Upon the elevated bank, rises a pile of buildings of stone and brick of singular and varied picturesqueness. Handsome

* Ward's View, p. 169.

gháts, or landing places, of stone, come down to the water's edge, crowned with multitudes of temples. Above the dense mass of houses, stand out numerous shining pinnacles and sculptured tops of pyramidal pagodas; while the great mosque of Aurangzebe, with its gilded dome glittering in the sunbeam, and two minarets of towering height, form a grand and imposing combination.

Entering the city, however, all the squalor and wretchedness of an Eastern capital recur. The streets are narrow, the houses crowded, some of them huddled together in situations of the dingiest and darkest gloom. Temples, fakirs' houses and idol-shops abound everywhere. Conspicuous among these is the Golden temple of Bisheshwar. It has a central hall with rooms in front and rear, surmounted by a conical dome and a light pavilion, both covered with thin plates of gold, hence its name. The god Shiva is worshipped here by ardent multitudes. Farther on, you come to the monkey temple, with a large tank enclosed, where swarms of monkeys are reared, caressed and revered, if not positively worshipped, as kindred to the famous monkey-god Hanu-mán. The animals seem quite alive to their advantages, and screeching, chattering, capering with the most ungod-like levity, they exact their tributes from the worshippers with all the cunning and rigor of their kinsmen, the Brahmins.

This reverence for the monkey is not confined to

Benares. Hanumán is worshipped daily with Ráma and Sita in numerous temples, and the utmost regard and care are shown to his chattering fraternity. Mr. Ward describes the marriage of two monkeys by the Raja of Naddea, at a cost of 100,000 Rs. In the marriage procession were seen elephants, camels, horses richly caparisoned, palanqueens, lamps and torches. The male monkey was fastened in a fine palanqueen, having a crown upon his head, with men standing by his side to fan him; then followed singing and dancing girls in the carriages, every kind of Hindu music, a grand display of fire-works, etc. Dancing, music, singing, and every degree of low mirth, were exhibited at the bridegroom's palace for twelve days together. At the time of the marriage ceremony, learned Brahmans were employed in reading the formulas from the shástras.

The streets of Benares are infested with pampered, vicious bulls, who roam about at large, and prey upon the people. The cow is universally revered throughout Hinduism. It is said that Bramha created the bramhans and the cow at the same time, the bramhans to read the formula, the cow to afford milk, wherewith *ghee** is made for the burnt offerings. The reverencing of the cow "is in fact the only common bond of union for all castes. It is the sacramental symbol of Hinduism in which sectaries of all shades unite. The bullock-driver, whose clothes

* Clarified butter.

have been defiled by contact with a sweeper, will rub the polluted part on the nose of his bullock, and thus restore himself to purity. The Brahman who has lost caste may be restored to it by taking the sacred pills composed of the five products of the cow,—milk, curd, butter, urine and dung.”* All unclean places are purified with cow-dung; indeed, many bramhans do not go out of the house of a morning, till the door-way has been rubbed with cow-dung. The crime of killing the cow is classed in Manu's Institutes along with adultery, to be expiated by a long and heavy penance; but it is certain that later superstition has made this an offence of even graver magnitude. About twenty years ago, “the regent of one of the native states having adjudged a man guilty of this crime, punished him by having him tied to the foot of an elephant and dragged about till he was dead, an act for which he was deprived of the regency by the British Government, but for which he had the sympathy of all good Hindus.”†

The city of Benares is believed by the Hindus to form no part of the terrestrial globe, but to rest upon the point of Shiva's trident; hence, they say, no earthquake ever affects it. The number of temples is at least two thousand, not counting innumerable smaller shrines. Indeed, every foot of ground here is hallowed, even the very air is holy. Shiva, or Mahadeo, is the guardian deity of this

* Robson's Hinduism, p. 134.

† Robson, p. 139.

Hindu Jerusalem, and is worshipped chiefly under that most debasing representation of heathenism, the Ling; indeed, one of these vile figures is exhibited as set up by Shiva himself. The stories in the purānas respecting the origin of the ling worship are too gross and offensive to be offered to a respectable audience. Suffice it to say that the shocking and debasing superstitions of Hinduism are climaxed in the selection of so vile a representation of one of their chief deities, and *the actual worship of this foul emblem as God!*

But turning away from this city of hideous idols and filthy images, of hungry brahmans and insolent mendicants, of pampered bulls and deified monkeys, we repair to the side of the sacred Ganga, and look around us. What are these low pillars, or rather mounds of masonry, whited over, which dot the beach? These are the famous Sati marks; each mound marks the spot where one or more widows perished on the funeral pyre of their husbands. Imagine the sad scene; here is a sick husband, whose case being pronounced hopeless, he is directed to the river-side to die! His wife declares her resolution to be burnt with him. She is treated with respect, even reverence; and as soon as her husband has expired, she takes her seat beside the corpse. Her feet are painted red, and she is attired with new clothes, while a drum-beat summons the village or towns-people to the awful ceremony. A hole is dug in the ground, round which stakes are driven

into the earth, and thick green stakes laid across to form a kind of bed, and upon these are laid, in abundance, dry faggots, hemp, *ghee*, pitch, etc. The officiating brahman now causes the widow to repeat the mantras, in which she prays that as long as fourteen Indras reign, or as many years as there are hairs on her head, she may abide in heaven with her husband, and that by this act of merit all the ancestors of her father, mother and husband may ascend to heaven. The dead body is now anointed, and, with suitable mantras, is laid upon the pile. The widow walks round the pile seven times, then ascending it, casts herself by the side of the corpse. Ropes are drawn over the two bodies, and a few faggots placed over them. The son then, averting his head, puts fire to the face of his father ; the pile is at the same time lighted on the other side and is soon in a blaze. The women raise an outcry, the drums beat, the flames crackle, and soon the awful work is done. The ashes are swept into the Ganga, and the sati is completed.

Sometimes the husband leaves behind him several widows, and many of these perish, some never having lived with him at all. Mr. Ward relates that thirty-seven females were burnt alive with the remains of a brahman, who had more than a hundred wives. At the first kindling of the fire, only three of them were present, but the fire was kept burning three days ! Among the thirty-seven, some were forty years old, some as young as sixteen !

In general, the steadiness of mind and fortitude of the victims are remarkable, but there are cases in which the resolution falters, and there is a desperate desire to escape, but this is all but hopeless! A brahman having died, his wife, at a late hour, went to be burned with his body; all the necessary ceremonies were gone through, the victim was fastened to the pile, and the fire kindled. The night, however, was dark and rainy, and the poor woman scorched and frightened, managed to disentangle herself from the corpse, crept away from the pile and managed to hide herself among some brushwood. She was unhappily discovered, and her relations dragged her forth, insisting that she should throw herself on the pile again, or drown or hang herself. She pleaded for her life at the hands of her own son, and declared that she could not embrace so horrid a death, but in vain. Unable to persuade her to enter the flames, they quickly tied her hands and feet and cast her into the fire, where she was instantly consumed.

Instances are on record of children eight or ten years of age perishing in the flames with their so-called husbands. A girl eight years old was playing with other children when the news of her husband's death arrived. Having just before been severely beaten by her aunt, and fearing persistent ill-treatment from her, she insisted on being burnt with the dead body of her husband. The necessary preparations were made; she was laid upon

the pile, but before it could be fired, the poor child had expired, no doubt through sheer fright. Another girl of the same age was compelled to hold her hand for some time over burning coals, so that she might not shrink from the fire afterwards.

Our hearts thrill at such a recital, but these scenes were common a generation back, as these frequently recurring monuments testify. Now a benignant government and a humanizing Christianity have driven this barbarity to the extreme out-posts of heathenish gloom; yet, here the crackling of the sati flames and the cry of the victim are still heard, testifying how hard a hoary though deadly superstition dies, even after a century's stout cudgeling.

Bidding adieu to the sacred city, we float down the sacred Ganga, as it winds through the fertile plains of Lower Bengal, swelled by the Goomtee, Gogra, Sone, Gunduck, Kosi and Mahananda, and washing the feet of the large commercial cities of Patna and Monghyr, and the ancient Mahomedan capitals of Dacca and Murshedabad. Silently and slowly, meandering through plain and meadow, winding through rough channels and rocky beds, the sacred river flows on, diffusing life and fertility and brightness. Beneath that fair smile, however, she hides a charnel house of ghastliness and death. Shocking and cruel as is the custom of self-immolation, what shall we say to the still more barbarous and unnatural

superstition of a mother devoting her child to death? Yet the dark womb of Ganga holds countless infant forms in her mysterious repository until the resurrection morn. See that relentless crowd at the river-side, with wild whoops and shouts to the beat of the fierce tom-tom! See the unnatural mother, the cruel father, with the hapless child, dressed out in its best, as though for a gala day! Its poor life has been vowed away to the Ganga, and the debt must be discharged. After the usual unmeaning mummery, the child is put out in the stream by the parents; then encouraged to go out further and further into the depths; watch it as it shrinks, recoils, and then attempts to retreat; and then—then—you shudder with a horrible shuddering, scarcely daring to breathe or look, as you see one in the crowd—was it the father—actually pushing the child out until it falls headlong into the stream, with a shriek scarce deadened by the tom-tom and the acclamations of the crowd, while the waters close over the scene, sealing up the dark record until the judgment morn.

Or, see that woman stealing to the river-side, with stealthy tread, with her babe in her arms. Fierce alligators gape at the water's edge, ready for the prey. Do you call that woman mother? Ask her the reason of her cruel and unnatural intention, and she replies contemptuously, "'tis only a girl!" Reaching the river-side, she mercilessly flings out the baby girl into

the stream. A cry, a splash, a horrid gulp, and all is over!

This practice of sacrificing female children was at one time common all over India, especially among the fierce Rájputs. "The Hindus ascribe this custom to a prophecy delivered by a Bramhan to Dwip Sing, a Rájput king, that his race would lose the sovereignty through one of his female posterity. Another opinion is, that this shocking practice has arisen out of the law of marriage, which obliges the bride's father to pay almost divine honors to the bridegroom; hence persons of high caste, unwilling thus to humble themselves for the sake of a daughter, destroy the infant." * Though strictly interdicted by the English government, under the severest penalties, this horrid crime is still practiced in secret coverts; and all the vigilance of executive law is defeated in the attempt to detect the perpetrator of the foul deed.

"About two hundred miles from the sea, the delta of the Ganga, which is twice as large as that of the Nile, begins to be formed. Of its two principal arms, which form the outermost of the whole series, the east is the larger, and preserves the original direction of the main stream together with the name of Ganga; but the western arm, or Cossimbazar branch, called afterwards the Hooghly, is considered by natives the true Bhagarathi, and invested with the greatest sanctity. The whole of the

* Ward's View, p. 252.

delta between the two principal arms is a vast alluvial flat, nearly two hundred miles in breadth, intersected by numerous rivers interlacing each other in all directions, and which enter the sea by from twelve to twenty mouths. The region round the mouths of the Ganga is termed the Sunderbunds, and is a pestiferous tract, covered with jungle, and swarming with tigers and other beasts of prey." *

In these jungles may be found dwelling; in the most retired localities, fakirs or yogis, absorbed in religious austerities. There are two classes of religious mendicants among the Hindus; the begging class is, of course, the most numerous. They abound in the streets, they swarm in melas and fairs; they crowd in the bazars, resorting to every sort of expedient and device to extort money. They literally prey upon the people, and with inconceivable impudence and audacity exact their ill-deserved tribute. They are generally as vile in their practices as they are unclean in their persons; and while affecting the highest saintliness, are too often begrimed with the foulest crimes.

But there is another class of yogis, men earnest and sincere and devoted, though fatally misguided. These dwell by themselves in caves and secret haunts, by river-side, and in jungle wilds. Some practice the most severe austerities; others dwell alone, absorbed in silent

* McCullough's Geographical Dictionary.

and unspeakable meditation. Here there is no desire to be seen of men, no cupidity or greed. This class of men shun observation; indeed, earnestly strive to become, if they do not actually become, dead to all external impressions and associations. Their desire and hope are, if they have desire and hope at all, that being dead to everything below, and being engrossed in meditation upon the supreme, they will, in due time, become absorbed in Bramh. In the pestiferous jungle of the Sunderbands, swarming with numerous reptiles and beasts of prey, these mendicants dwell, evidently devoid of fear for the present, or anxiety for the future. The wild fruit and roots of trees and jungle shrubs, their daily food; the dark waters of the river, their drink; grass and withered leaves, their couch; the screech of the hyena, the hiss of the serpent, the roar of the tiger, their evening lullaby. Numbers are carried off by the fierce beasts, and naught is left but the fresh paw-marks upon the damp sand, and some droppings of the victim's blood. The survivors know their danger, yet live their brief day dead to danger or dread.

Poor deluded men, who can refrain from a mingled respect and pity for them! And who can help wondering whether the midnight gloom of their soul is not broken by some ray of light from above! Is it not conceivable that the intense yearning of their heart may be recompensed with some droppings of comfort from on high?

Oh, for the sure and satisfying light of the gospel of Christ, to break in with comfort and healing upon the dark horizon of these earnest, yet deluded minds?

The most singular stories are afloat with respect to these men, who are, of course, revered by the Hindus as scarcely inferior to the gods. Here is one which is universally credited: "Some years ago, a European, with his Hindu clerk and other servants, passed through the Sunderbunds. One day as the European was walking through the forests, he saw something which appeared to be a human being, standing in a hole in the earth. The European went up and beat this animated clay till the blood came; but it did not appear that the person was conscious of the least pain,—he uttered no cries, nor manifested the least sensibility. The European was overwhelmed with astonishment, and asked what this could mean. The clerk said, he had learnt from the shastras that there existed such men called yogis, who were destitute of passion, and proof against pain. After hearing this account, the European ordered his clerk to take the man home. He did so, and kept him some time at his house; when fed, he would eat, and at proper times, would sleep, and attend to the necessary functions of life; but he took no interest in anything. At length the clerk, wearied with keeping him, sent him to the house of his spiritual teacher at Khurd. Here some bad persons put fire into his hands, and played a number

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of tricks with him, but without making the least impression. The teacher was soon tired of his guest, and sent him to Benares. On the way, when the boat one evening lay to for the night, this yogi went on shore, and while he was walking by the side of the river, another religious mendicant, with a smiling countenance, met him; they embraced each other, and—were seen no more!" *

Passing down the holy river, here named the Hooghly, we come through suburban woods and marshy plantations to the great city of Calcutta, the busy and flourishing metropolis of the British dominions in India. Looking upon its vast extent, its wealth and magnificence, it is difficult to recall the day of small beginnings when this gay and thriving metropolis was founded. The old mercantile E. I. Company, which then represented the British Government, had striven in vain to get a footing in Bengal; the Great Mogal in Dehli was inexorable. It was at this juncture that an English physician of the name of Boughton, by healing the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan, procured an imperial *firman* authorizing his countrymen to trade in Bengal, duty free, and to establish a factory at Hooghly, twenty-six miles from the present capital. It was not until half a century later, however, that the capital was founded upon the site of three native villages, Calcutta, Chuttanutty and Govind-

* Ward's View, p. 300.

pore, purchased by Job Charnock, the governor, from the viceroy of Bengal for the sum of Rs. 16,000. The Court of directors, characteristically, thought the price "very high."

This founder of Calcutta was a shrewd trader, but by no means a model in other respects. He married a native wife, whom he had rescued from the funeral pile, and by her was converted to Hinduism. After her death, he annually sacrificed a cock on her tomb.

Upon this site has sprung up the imposing capital of British power and wealth in the East. Approaching it from the sea, the elegant villas, the splendid gardens, the tall church spires, and the regular and substantial outline of Fort William, form an imposing and attractive spectacle. From Kidderpore to Cossipore, the city has a length of more than six miles, with an average breadth of one and one-half miles. A handsome quay, similar in many respects to that of St. Petersburg, called the Strand, is continued for three miles along the river-bank, furnished with about thirty principal ghâts or landing places. The sacred river is here about a mile in width at high water, and is crowded with shipping. The residence of the British Viceroy, a magnificent pile of buildings, close to the Strand, is the centre of a vast accumulation of splendid edifices, churches, offices, shops and private residences. The streets are crowded with the most heterogenous collection of human beings to be found in

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the world. Representatives of every clime and nation, types of every rank and station, specimens of full-dress, half-dress and no dress at all, may be found thronging the busy thoroughfares. Calcutta is, in fact, the greatest emporium of the East, Canton, perhaps, only excepted. The gross amount of its imports and exports amount to from ten to twelve million pounds sterling a year.

This repository of wealth, the centre of culture and enlightenment, is no exception to the abounding superstitions of heathenism. The elect deity of the Hindus of Calcutta is the goddess Káli, the Moloch of Hindu mythology. She is represented as a very black woman with four arms; in one she holds the exterminating sword; in another, by the hair, a severed human head; a third points downwards indicating the destruction which surrounds her, and the fourth is raised upwards pointing to a new creation. Her wild, dishevelled hair reaching to her feet, her necklace of human heads, her protruding tongue, her cincture of blood-stained hands, and her position on the body of her prostrate husband, make her altogether the most hideous representation possible. There is a celebrated temple dedicated to her at Káli-ghát, near Calcutta, and impure sacrifices are offered at it; and on the occasion of the annual festivals, her temple literally swims with blood.

Images, effigies and pictures of this goddess are worshipped at particular periods, and then thrown into the

river. So powerful is the influence of this terrible goddess that even the Mahomedans offer sacrifices and gifts to her, and instances are even on record of Europeans making thank-offerings and propitiatory sacrifices to this hideous deity. These disgraceful proceedings, however, belong to a bygone generation, whose demoralized practices have left an ineffaceable stain upon the page of British Indian history.

Still floating down the sacred stream, past the city of palaces, through sodden rice fields and plantation groves, through low jungles and marshy swamps, we come to Ságar, an island ten miles in length and five in breadth, in the mouth of the Hooghly, before it leaps finally into the sea, sixty miles southwest from Calcutta. This is the last, though not the least sacred shrine of the mighty Ganga, and to this place multitudes throng all round the year, while at the annual festivals, the concourse of pilgrims is immense.

At this place a kind of sacrificial suicide, called *Kamya Maran*, was formerly practiced by the pilgrims, as highly meritorious. A number of expressions in the *shástras* countenance the practice of suicide, and some of the *smritis* and *puránas* lay down rules for *Kamya maran*, declaring it, however, a crime in a *bramhan*, but meritorious in a *sudra*. The person is directed first, to offer an atonement for all his sins, by making a present of gold to *bramhans*, and honoring them with a feast;

afterwards putting on new apparel, and adorning himself with garlands of flowers, he is accompanied to the river by a band of music. If he has any property, he gives it to whom he pleases; then, sitting down by the side of the river, he repeats the name of his idol, and proclaims that he is now about to renounce his life in this place, in order to obtain such or such a benefit. After this, he and his friends proceed on a boat, and fastening pans of water to his body, he plunges into the stream. The spectators cry out Hari Bal! Hari Bal! (Huzza! Huzza!) and then retire.*

"It is considered an auspicious sign if the person is speedily seized by a shark or an alligator; but his future happiness is supposed to be very doubtful if he should remain long in the water before he is drowned." So great was the eagerness to renounce life in this place, that the British Government was compelled to send down a strong guard to prevent persons from murdering themselves and their children at this junction of the Ganga with the sea, at the annual festivals held in this place.

It has not unfrequently happened that when a man has thus determined, and is accompanied to the river-side by his friends and the attendant brahmans, that his resolution fails, and he is unwilling to go forward. In this emergency his friends are ready to assist him in his meritorious purpose, and have been known to push the

* Ward's View, p. 267.

unhappy victim in, not doubting that they were helping him up to heaven. Indigent persons, people with incurable diseases, afflicted and sorrowing persons, most commonly practice this sacrifice, confident that thereby their miseries and ailments are cut off, and they received into heaven.

There existed formerly at Ksheru, a village near Naddea, an instrument called the *Karavat*, which was used by devotees to cut off their own heads. The instrument was made in the shape of a half moon, with a sharp edge, and was placed at the back of the neck, having chains fastened at the two extremities. The infatuated devotee, placing his feet on the stirrups, gave a violent jerk, which instantly severed his head from his body.

Here, at the river side, it was not uncommon for widows to be buried alive with the corpses of their husbands. An eye witness, Captain Kemp, relates that an artizan being dangerously sick, he was placed close to the water of the Ganga, and immersed at intervals, while the sacred water was poured into his mouth with a small shell. Thus exposed and treated, he died, when his wife determined to be buried with his body. A circular grave of about fifteen feet in circumference, and five or six feet deep was prepared; the corpse was then, after reading certain mantras, placed in the grave in a sitting posture. The young widow now came forward, and having circumambulated the grave seven times, crying out, Hari Bal!

Hari Bal ! descended into it. She placed herself in a sitting posture, with her face to the back of her husband, embracing the corpse with her left arm, and reclining her head on his shoulders ; the other hand she placed over her own head, with her forefinger erect, which she moved in a circular direction. The earth was then deliberately put round them, two men being in the grave for the purpose of stamping it round the living and the dead, which they did as the gardener does around a plant newly transplanted, till the earth rose to a level with the surface, or two or three feet above the heads of the entombed. As her head was covered sometime before the fingers of her right hand, it was easy to see whether any relenting or regret was manifested ; but the finger moved round in the same manner as at first, till the earth closed the scene.*

And now, standing beside the sacred river, as with heave and surge and swelling surf, she leaps into the dark expanse of water beyond, we pause for a moment ere we bid the mighty Ganga adieu.

Ah ! sacred stream, rising amidst impassable barriers of untrodden snow, watering half a continent, receiving numerous tributaries,—what woes, what sorrows, what weight of grief, what sighings for deliverance dost thou bear upon thy bosom into the dark ocean ! At once cathedral and cloister, shrine and temple,—what prayers,

* Ward's View, xlviil.

what aspirations, what breathings upward, what sacrifices have been offered upon thine altar! Ah! and what heartless, unnatural cruelties have been perpetrated upon thy bosom;—yes, an altar, yet more appropriately the bloody shambles for idolatrous and superstitious butchery! Yea, and within the depths of thy mysterious womb a charnel-house slumbers—slumbers softly and silently—slumbers till the blast of the resurrection morn calls upon thee, O Ganga, to give up thy dead!

Thus buried in reverie, deep and unutterable, the shadows steal on and the curtains of night gather, while the pale watchers from the sky look down with mild and benignant gaze. Look around. Upon the river and by its side are numerous lamps, kindled by devotees, emitting bright and cheering light. See how gaily they float down the stream into the boundless expanse of waters beyond. So bright, so beautiful is the spectacle, that the gloom and the sorrow of my painful meditation are lifted, and hope and joy fill my soul again!

Ah! is this not a parable vouchsafed for my teaching? That dark river is India's heathenism, flowing on gloomily towards the sea of Eternal midnight. These lights on the shore, these floating lamps upon the water,—are they not the feet of those who publish glad tidings, the glad tidings of salvation! Few, indeed, at first, few, feeble and far between, but rapidly increasing and brightening, until the river is covered with lamps, and

its dark waters are lit up with a serene and genial glow. Brighter and brighter it glows, until the horizon reddens and the sky brightens, and the morning breaks upon poor benighted India. Then, as the Sun of Righteousness rises to the meridian, that *once* dark and swollen river, stained with the carnage of unnumbered cruelties, *now* glowing like a mirror and reflecting the light and glory of the day, becomes the pathway of light to the great ocean; and thus India, redeemed, becomes the harbinger and handmaid for the regeneration of the world of heathenism beyond!

GOD HASTEN THE DAY! AMEN.

IV.
DĀL BHĀT;*
OR,
THE HINDU AT HOME.

THE life of nations, like that of individuals, has an exterior and an interior aspect. The exterior has reference to those acts, utterances and exercises which connect life with those around us; the interior is the life of the individual hidden from outward gaze, yet revealing the deepest, truest lineaments of personal character. If I wish to become truly and intimately acquainted with a person, I must not only observe him on "Change," in the public thoroughfare, or in the crowded haunts of pleasure; I must seek him at his home where, reserve and artificial safeguards thrown altogether aside, he moves and speaks and acts in truest accord with his inner nature.

Thus, with the nation. After we have surveyed its institutions and establishments, studied its creeds and confessions, explored its rules and rounds of religious

* *Dal*, a soup made of a kind of pulse, eaten with *Bhat* or boiled rice, forming the Hindu's common diet.

duty, its true life remains but partially revealed and understood. We need to get behind the curtain and to survey the play and counter-play of its deeper sensibilities. These are usually represented in its private and domestic usages, customs and manners. And with a nation like the Hindus, with whom religion is interwoven in the fabric of every social and domestic event, such a study is especially needed to furnish an adequate conception of their moral and religious position. Let it be remembered that it is not religion as it is entombed in the Vedas, subtilized in the Upanishads, or allegorized in the Purāṇas, which moulds and shapes the life of the Hindu masses, but religion, as it percolates through the every-day affairs of his ordinary life. Few know and fewer care about the philosophical refinements of these sacred writings,—it is the still, but deep current of moral and religious thought flowing through all the events of their childhood, youth and riper years, which make the Hindus essentially what they are to-day.

Hence, we must know the Hindu at home. We must understand his sentiments, and enter into sympathy with his thoughts and feelings. We must trace the meanderings of his religious instincts through his personal life, and accurately measure the facilities or resistances which these offer to evangelizing effort. It is here that the average missionary fails. He has studied the traditions of the Hindu system, mastered its philosophy, waded

through its literature, yet, really he is all but a stranger to the Hindu personally. He is brought into relation with him officially, as the propagator of a new faith, but there are no bonds of sympathy or fellow-feeling which bind the Christian teacher to the heathen. The social exclusiveness of the Hindu, and the conventional distance of the foreigner—European or American—as the representative of the ruling race, co-operate, no doubt, in bringing about this estrangement; but the chief cause is the foreigner's deficiency in acquaintance and sympathy with the native's personal life. We believe an accurate and sympathetic acquaintance with the Hindu's habits of private life to be more important, as a factor of access to his heart, than the most intelligent perception of the theories of his speculative or systematic philosophy.

A view of the inexorable caste system, prevalent in India, is a necessary preface to an account of the Hindu at home. The original four divisions into Brahman, the priest, Kshatriya, the soldier, Vaisya, the merchant, and Sudra, the servile masses,—still exist, only there are numerous sections and sub-divisions. The Brahman is to be found pursuing other callings besides the priestly office to which he was originally designated. The soldierly Kshatriya, having now no employment for the spear, the sword and the buckler, is now frequently the landholder or farmer, or even merchant. The Vaisyas are generally retail merchants in grain, cloths, drugs, etc. The Sudras, or

lowest class, embrace the káyaths or writers, tillers and agriculturists, tradesmen and artizans, barbers, cowherds, shepherds, fishermen, fullers, potters, weavers, shoemakers and scavengers.

These several castes are absolutely walled off one from the other. There is no social intercourse, no intermarriage. The son may not adopt any calling or trade but his father's. Society is thus stereotyped in the narrowest grooves, and progress and advancement utterly frustrated.

Now, the customs and manners of these various castes differ in many important particulars. This is to be expected, since these usages and customs are largely the vehicles for their religious instincts; and, religiously, there is a broad and unbridgeable gap between the three first "twice-born" castes, and the mean "once-born" Sudras. The lowest class have scarcely any religion at all; they are outcasts, and are neither expected nor considered fit to engage in religious exercises. The Brahman will not go into their houses to perform *púja* or to eat. If some priest should be bribed to come and go through some form of prescribed worship, the Sudra, who invited him, cannot join in the holy rites; he must stand afar and merely look on!

But superstition supplies what religion denies them. Fear of demons and evil spirits haunt them constantly, and rites and processes are devised to get rid of these

influences. Omens and portents are eagerly looked and watched for; and their domestic usages are naturally cast in the mould of these superstitions.

Again, the manners and customs of the same caste do not correspond, in every particular, in all parts of India. There are local idiosyncracies and traditions, which give hue and tinge to the domestic usages of the people, and shape their personal life. The North of India, however, may be selected as the truest representative of Hinduism, in general, and a sketch of the habits of life of the better castes in this typical region, is all that can be attempted within the limits of these observations.

Múl Raj and Fateh Singh are two brothers, doing a large business in timber and hardware. They are Kshatriyas, or Rájputs,—the haughty soldier caste, and are proud of the warlike traditions of their fathers, although they are now very quiet and peaceable citizens. They have extensive business premises in a populous part of the city, consisting of a large timber yard, and godowns for the storage of miscellaneous goods, suitable to their trade. The timber yard is only a specimen show; their chief stock lies at the river side. The godowns are low and dingy, and stocked with a promiscuous assortment of goods, without arrangement, order or classification. Lumber, which was old and obsolete in a previous generation, is tossed and tumbled about with more modern and useful goods. The native merchant never attempts

a clearance of old and used-up stores; from generation to generation the accumulation goes on, the new mingling with the old, in a confusion hopeless to all but the initiated proprietor. *He* can lay his hand upon anything from a nail to an anchor, and fill up any order for the most heterogenous assortment of things with extraordinary rapidity.

Their private dwelling is at some distance from their business premises. In the back of the street, through yonder lane, you come to a brick-built, white-plastered house with flat roof and low entrance. Pass in through that narrow door, and you come to a range of small, low-roofed, ill-ventilated rooms; beyond them, you reach an open court-yard, at one end of which is a well with a rough pulley wherewith to draw water. On the other side are more rooms of the same kind, in which the women and children live. You are struck with the straitness and smallness of the rooms and the absence of ventilation and light. The doors are few and low; each door-leaf is a solid plank, without glass or venetians. When they are closed, the room is dark, save where some rays of light glimmer through narrow, barred windows.

What about the furniture and furnishings? In the outer rooms are a couple of very rough, timber-bottomed chairs, and a square wooden platform, or dais, about a foot high, called a *takht*. Upon this, the neighbors and friends seat themselves for an evening chat, while the

sleep either upon the house top or in the court-yard, or in the verandah, if rain should be threatening; and are usually up at five or earlier in the morning. In the cold weather, when they sleep within doors, they rise later, but even then, they are out before seven.

Rising in the morning, while but half awake, the Hindu repeats the name of Ráma several times. Happening to yawn, he immediately fillips his thumb and middle finger, though he does not know why. Rising from his bed, he repairs to the fields for necessary purposes. Returning, he prepares for his morning toilette. He plucks a twig from the bitter *Neem* tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth and extemporizes a tooth brush. He next draws up water from the well in the yard with an iron bucket, takes a *lota* full of it, and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done; he then throws on an extra garment upon him,—the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his *hooka*, takes a few pulls, with its euphonious *hubble-bubble*; and is ready to go out.

With a passing Ráma, Ráma, to friend or acquaintance and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going, he will sedulously avoid those sights and sounds which may augur ill for the day. Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an oil-

man, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox cross his path, if he hear a gong or shell summoning to worship, or if he meet a Brahman with his head uncovered, or—a woman of the town,—he would rejoice, hailing it as an auspicious omen. Some are so grossly superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way they would return to their home, have a smoke, or chew a betel leaf, and proceed afresh.

Leaving the male representatives of our Hindu home at their business for the present, we return to the women at the house. They, too, rise early, dispatch a hasty toilette, and proceed straight to their daily work. The first duty is to cleanse the cooking and other utensils, chiefly of brass. This is done with the utmost thoroughness, with moistened clay or sand and water. Then the rooms are swept and tidied up. Water for culinary purposes is then drawn from the well either by the ladies themselves or by a female servant. These preliminaries being settled, the good wife prepares to cook the morning meal. Of course, the wheat has been ground before. When this needs to be done, the women rise as early as three or four in the morning, and sit at the grindstone, which occupies an important part of the domestic institution. Sitting opposite each other and taking hold upon the handle which causes the upper stone to revolve sharply upon the lower which is fixed to the earth, two women,

—either the ladies of the house, or servants hired by them,—grind all the wheat needed for the present use of the family.

The first operation in the culinary process is to cleanse the kitchen or cooking place. This must be done daily, as the place is supposed to contract ceremonial defilement by the day's use. Water and clay, made into a very thin paste, are used for the purpose,—after which the whole place is purified by a thin plaster of cow dung.

And now, while preparing for or engaged in the necessary and—to the Hindu woman—by no means humiliating work of cooking, friends or neighbors drop in for a few moments gossip, which in India, as elsewhere, is the smoky fuel of social life. Here is a middle aged and heavy looking woman carrying a boy over two years old upon her hips. With a—“and how are you to-day, mother of Chameli?” in the form of a morning salutation, uttered in a loud, croaking voice, she squats right down on the ground, setting her child before her.

Let it be noted that this is the usual form of address to a mother and wife. If she be not a mother, the address is,—wife of such a one. Husband and wife never name each other; they address, and speak of each other as the father or mother of such a one—naming the eldest child. If there be no children, other expressions are used which are understood as covertly having this signification.

"All is well with me," replies Chameli's mother, looking up from her work, "but how is your boy to-day?"

"Oh badly, very badly, indeed! Ill luck to that *kambakht* mother of Sarupia for her evil turn to me and mine."

"Why, what has she done?" ask all the women together with keen curiosity.

"Done!" replies the heavy looking lady. "Why she has succeeded in her evil purpose at last. But never mind: *Hāndi gai to gai, kutte ki zāt to pahchāni* (the pot is smashed and gone but the nature of the dog is known).

"Rāma! Rāma!" exclaim her female auditors in sympathetic chorus.

"But what did Sarupia's mother *do*?" persists the eight year old married sister.

"Just hear her," reproachfully rejoins the irate mother; "as though I should blame the wretched woman for nothing! But is it not true

*Andhe ke āge rowe
Apna dida khowe!"*

(weeping before the blind, we hurt our own eyes).

"Of course! Of course!" rejoin all the women in sympathetic harmony, while Rukminee subsides instantly.

"Do,"—proceeds the irascible mother, now that she is no longer pressed for details,—“why that wretched

woman has had an evil eye upon me and mine for a long, long while. I have known it all the time, but I would give her no chance to vent her unlucky spite on me, and so kept this poor boy out of her sight as long as I could. But four days ago, I was bringing him out in my arms, so as to give him an airing, and as bad luck would have it,—there she stood! I could not very well avoid her, and this poor child smiled in her face, when she abruptly says,—‘ How well your child is looking to-day!’ ”

“ *Are Râma! Râma!* ” exclaim all her auditors in chorus, in stern deprecation. “ How could she say that! ”

“ How could she, indeed! well you know my poor boy faded like a leaf from that unlucky moment. I knew her evil eye had done it; I am sure of it! ”

“ Well, but what have you done, good mother, to destroy the spell? ”

“ I have done what I could. Several times have I turned my hand over his head, but he is still poorly.” [This “turning the hand” is the prescribed process for removing the effect of an evil eye. A little chaff, salt, etc., are taken in the hand and waved over the child’s head two or three times, and then cast into the fire].

“ Oh yes, see how poorly he is! ” exclaim all the women in chorus,—though the boy seems in excellent health and condition for an unweaned child of three, but of course, they dare not say so.

"I have vowed a kid to Káli Máí," adds the mother, "when she restores my boy to health, and I trust she may have it soon."

Meanwhile the hours have gone by rapidly. It is now almost eleven o'clock, and the good-men, Múl Ráj and his brother, leaving their business in charge of a servant, repair to their home for their first meal. Leaving his shoes at the door, the Hindu enters the yard and prepares first of all to bathe. This is not only a sanitary process, it is a religious rite. Stripping off all his garments, save his *dhoti* or the cloth which he girds round himself, he draws water and performs his ablutions. He carefully rinses out his *janeo* or sacred cord, washes the solitary lock upon his head; then making a hollow with both his hands, he offers water to the sun, turning his face to that luminary, muttering words of prayer and praise. Then drying himself he prepares for worship or *puja*. This should strictly be performed three times a day, at sunrise, noon and sunset; but religious Hindus who have business employments, seldom find time for more than two daily seasons of worship.

Both Vishnu and Shiva have devoted votaries; the Kshatriyas generally choose the latter for their guardian deity. Our Hindu having bathed, without clothing himself further, seats himself upon a woollen cloth, or a mat of *coosa* grass, or on a deer skin; other skins are unclean. He now loosens one end of his *dhoti*, though

he cannot explain why ; then he knots the single lock upon his head. He next places the image of Shiva before him, bathes it with water, anoints it with *chandan* (sandal wood), offers it the leaf of the *bel* tree, with flowers, fruits and sweetmeats. These are screened for a time, so that the god may eat undisturbed, some incense is now burnt in a cup ; then a lamp is lit and moved in a circle three or four times before the image. A little bell is tinkled to please the deity, and hymns and prayers are repeated. The worshipper now asks the god if he is happy, and with charming simplicity answers for him, "Very happy!" A particular short prayer called the *Gaetri* is supposed to have special avail in procuring forgiveness of sins and heart cleansing. It runs thus: "O earth, firmament and heaven, we meditate on the great light of the Sun ; may it enlighten our hearts."

Each adult male of the household performs *puja* by himself. Then they come together for the forenoon meal. The place where they eat is called the *Chauka*, which is part of the floor of the kitchen, and like it, is cleansed every day. Still stripped of all their clothing except the *dhoti*, bareheaded and barefooted, they gather round upon the bare floor. The women and the children are not permitted to sit down with them. The food is then placed in little plates or platters. Of course, no animal food is taken ; the morning meal consists commonly of wheaten cakes fried in *ghee*, or baked on coals, with *dál* (a soup

made of a kind of pulse), or vegetable curry called *tarkári*. Milk, cream or *dahi* (curdled milk) with sweet-meats and fruit close the breakfast.

The Hindu, of course, eats with his fingers. The right hand is used for this purpose, the left being stretched out as far as it will go, being unclean. With great dexterity, the fingers and thumb of the right hand seize upon the morsel, roll it into a ball, and convey it to the mouth. When the last morsel is eaten, the fingers are licked clean with infinite relish; then the hands and face are once more washed, and the meal is over.

If a man of inferior caste were to touch the Hindu while eating, he would immediately rise and not take another mouthful if he were to go without food the whole day; he would throw out even that which he might have in his mouth.

Not until the men have eaten and left, can the women come to the *Chauka*. A wife will eat on her husband's plate, and gladly partake of the remnants left.

After breakfast, the men repair to their business; the women revert to their household duties. At sunset, when it is possible for the good man of the house to get away from his work, he repairs to his home and performs *púja* again. As dinner will not be ready for some time, friends drop in, and smoke and discuss the topics of the day for hours. When dinner is ready, generally about ten at night, the men wash their hands, feet and faces; then

with bare heads and bodies, and dripping hands and feet, they repair to the *chauka* for their last meal. This is dispatched in silence ; then they go out and smoke and talk for some time longer.

The range of conversational topics is limited, and relates chiefly to business, the prospects of the weather and crops, or to neighborly gossip. Sometimes, some one will entertain the company with marvelous tales and exploits of bygone heroes, which are eagerly swallowed and readily believed. The aged patriarch of the family, who sits propped up in a comfortable corner, claims the right which age and experience are supposed to give, to tax the credulity of the company to the utmost. In his presence, all must be respectfully silent, for he would instantly and severely rebuke even a gesture of dissent. Indeed, in these social interludes, he is the presiding autocrat, and he waves his sceptre with stern authority. The juniors listen with open-mouthed amazement ; they have not in their experience realized the marvels which *he* narrates,—nor, somehow, can they square these recitals with their ideas of *present* possibilities,—but what matters that,—has not the age pitifully deteriorated, so that the *actuals* of a bygone age are beyond the *possibles* of the present ?

The women enter the *chauka* when their lords have left, and partake of what may remain with the modest consciousness of intrinsic inferiority. The plates are then

rinsed out, and the family retire for the night, commonly near midnight.

This ordinary routine is, of course, often broken in upon, and enlivened with incidents, of a more or less stirring kind. For example: the family we have selected for an illustration, expects a visit from the household *Guru*, or religious teacher. All families have such an attendant, and his visits are stated epochs in their history, —pleasant or otherwise, as his manner is genial or acrid. The *Guru*, in the present case, is a sleek, stout, and good-humored Brahman, who has the religious care of several families in charge. There is a pleasant expectation when his footfall is upon the threshold, and males, females and children, eagerly look for him.

Here he comes,—important, self-complacent, and wonderfully good-humored, for a worshipful deity. For apart from the fact of his being a Brahman, his relation to the family, as their spiritual guide, places them under the obligation to regard him as no whit inferior to their guardian deity. Hence, as he enters the door, Múl Rāj and Fateh Singh, salute him with *Pālāgan Maharāj* (I touch your feet, honored sir); after which they, followed by all the women and children, actually prostrate themselves at his feet, while the Brahman deigns to put his right foot upon their bowed head, saying *Jai-ho, Jai-ho*, (be happy).

He is then invited to enter, and the host presents him

with tobacco and fire, which he proceeds to smoke in his own *hooka*,—conversing, meanwhile, upon the ordinary topics of the day. It is not uncommon for his feet to be washed by one of the family, the dirty water being sipped all round, while the remainder is carefully preserved. Flowers, sweatmeats, etc., are also offered, while he mutters unintelligible *mantras* and incantations, which are received with reverent gratitude.

Preparations are now made for his entertainment. The host provides him with the necessary articles from the market, on a bountiful scale, which the Brahman prepares for himself, in his own vessel. Everything is provided for his comfort, and the family wait on him with servile reverence. He is then enriched with presents, and sent away with the same tokens of worshipful regard.

The Hindu *shāstras* prescribe the most particular and punctilious regard for the *Guru*, or spiritual guide. The disciple must promote and provide in the fullest manner for the welfare of his teacher, and that constantly; if he injure him, he will, in another birth, become a worm, feeding on ordure. The *guru's* son and grandson are entitled to the same honor as himself. Whatever be his circumstances or character, the disciple has no way to happiness, but through his *guru*. Hence, the religious Hindu dreads nothing so much as to offend his spiritual guide, even to the close of his life. Mr. Ward relates the case of one of these Brahmans, who was carried to the

river side to die. There he was visited by one of his disciples, who, being a rich man, asked the dying man if he could do anything for him. The *guru* asked him for 100,000 Rupees. The disciple hesitated; the Brahman then enquired what he was worth. The disciple thought he might be worth that amount, though it was not all in money. The *guru* then asked him to give his children half that sum; this was surrendered. "Did he want anything else?" Why no,—though his younger son, then present, did wish for a pair of gold bracelets, very much like a child of the disciple, standing by, had on his wrist. These were forthwith taken off and transferred to the Brahman's son. "Anything else?" Well—since he was good enough to ask, perhaps he would grant a certain piece of ground in Calcutta, to the *Guru's* son. This piece of land was worth 20,000 Rs., but it was yielded without hesitation. "Had the *Guru* any further wish?" Well, it was really too bad, but would the disciple give 5,000 Rs. toward his funeral expenses. Very good, and it was done. The next morning, the rapacious old Brahman died; his wife was burnt with his body, and thus, according to the *shástras*, saved his soul, for he was a notoriously bad man, while the disciple came down with another 5,000 Rs., for the necessary expenses.

Speaking of Brahmans, reminds us of the woeful mistakes which writers, conversant only with the Hindu

sacred writings, fall into as to the austere severe life which these men are supposed to lead. One such writer remarks that they "are subjected to such severe duties that (celibacy excepted) very few Roman Catholic monks can bear a comparison with them." Now, as a matter of fact, the sacred manuals lay down such a rigid and complex system of rules for the conduct of a Brahman's life, from the time he receives the *Janeo*, or sacred thread, at the age of eight or nine, to that advanced period of life when he is sacredly required to leave all secular cares and concerns, and retire to the life of a secluded ascetic, that, if strictly and faithfully observed,—supposing it were possible to do so,—his life would be, indeed, a martyrdom to a punctilious and self-denying ceremonialism. But the modern, every-day Brahman, is as unlike this model as his ignorant panegyrists themselves. With a mere gloss of extra devotion and piety, he has only the complacency and arrogance of his pretensions. He trades and traffics, he rogues and thieves, he eats prodigiously; he does *not* spend years at the feet of a Vedic Gamaliel; he knows very little—if at all—of his sacred writings, besides a few unmeaning formularies for *puja*; he does *not* retire into solitude, in advanced age, for meditation and prayer, but continues to the close of life, the same self-righteous and sordid sacerdotalist that he ever was!

But, stop! there is a burst of unusual joy in our typical

Hindu home. The wife of Fatch Singh has presented him with a son, and there is mirth and rejoicing and congratulation. In expectation of the event, Ganesh was worshipped as the deity of domestic prosperity, and a cocoanut, betelnut and some *batáshas* placed in the expected mother's lap, in token of congratulation. As the momentous event approached, hope, surmise and augury were all anxiously busy to determine whether the coming child should be an auspicious son or a luckless daughter. The Kshatriyas were the tribe, who, in former days, destroyed their daughters, and the practice is not wholly extinct yet. The anxiety of the parents and friends may thus be conceived,—as also their exultation and joy, when it is announced that the babe born, is indeed, a son! Relations and friends drop in and pour their congratulations in rich libations. The women gather together and express their joy in songs, keeping time upon a *dhól*, or small drum. The hero of the hour is washed, smeared plentifully with oil, but not clothed until the sixth day. Superstitions of various kinds are practiced to ward off evil influences, especially, to keep off the dreaded "evil eye."

The family priest, who is also the astrologer, now comes in and pretends to tell the child's future, its age and the balance of happiness and misery before it. Of course, he is to have a long life, and is to be eminently prosperous. Ganesh and the planets are then

worshipped, and presents are distributed to Brahmans and to friends.

On the third day, the mother is assisted into the yard with the child in her lap. With her face to the sun, she worships, drops a few grains of barley and retires. On the sixth day, there is an important ceremony. An arrow is put into the mother's hand, with which, bearing the child in her lap, she appears in the yard; then, as she retires, the arrow is shot upwards toward the roof. The mother bathes on this day and is supposed to be purified, and there is great rejoicing and feasting. It is believed that the child's fortune is now inscribed upon its forehead by a deity. On the tenth or eleventh day, there is a solemn worship of Ganesh and the planets, and then the little hero is solemnly named Kuar Singh. On the twenty-seventh day, water is procured from twenty-seven wells, and leaves of twenty-seven different kinds are put into a small earthen jug of twenty-seven tubes, specially manufactured for the ceremony. Incense having been burned, the parents with the child sit under a blanket awning, while the water from the earthen jug is poured upon the blanket, and filtering through it, wets the child and its parents. They then bathe in separate places and change their clothes. This most singular ceremony is evidently one of final purification, although its exact import is not known.

Such are the natal ceremonies commonly practiced

among the Hindus. There is another ceremony, when, at the age of six months, the child first tastes other food than the mother's milk. The mother, however, is in no hurry to wean the child, and it is not uncommon to see a boy, three years old, hanging upon the mother's breast. The child grows, and being a son, and the first-born child, is petted and caressed by the whole family. It is literally loaded with jewels. Heavy bracelets of gold, a necklace of *asharfis* or gold mohurs, armlets with sundry charms upon the arms, silver bells and rings upon the ankles, with a chain of silver upon its hips, are the usual adornments of a child, born in these circumstances. Of clothing, it has at home little or none. It is this which makes Hindu children objects of criminal cupidity to the wicked and designing. It is quite common for children with jewels on their persons, to be lured away from their friends, at *melas* or fairs, and to be murdered for the sake of their jewels. Sometimes, the barbarity is perpetrated for the veriest trifle. Quite lately, a poor girl, eight years old, who had jewels to the amount of only four Rupees on her person, was decoyed away by an old woman, scaling grass in an out-of-the-way place. When all alone, the girl was thrown down and brutally hacked at the throat, with the not very sharp iron scraper, until believed to be dead. The jewels were taken off and the body dragged to a jackal's den and thrust into it. Strangely the fresh earth stanchd

the blood, and in a few hours the girl, recovering consciousness, was able to drag herself along to a village, where she related her story. The ruffianly butcheress was arrested and was on trial for her life, when I left India.

The boy grows up and begins to articulate. This is an occasion of great joy, and that joy reaches its culmination when the young prodigy treats its father and grandfather to a full-mouthed volley of filthy abuse. This is the signal for positive jubilation; the parents and friends clap their hands and shout for joy; indeed, their delight quite equals the satisfaction with which I have seen parents boasting of Christian culture applaud the tossing off, without choking, of the first glass of wine by their children. The little Hindu very early learns to puff at the hooka, and it is not uncommon to see him swing back and forth from his mother's breast to his pipe. Caressed, petted and humored by every one, if little Kuar Singh does not follow in the long line of domestic tyrants known as "spoiled children," it will certainly not be through neglect of pains in his early education!

Dark threads mingle with the bright in weaving the chequered web of the Hindu home as of any other, and there is sorrow and mourning in our typical household. What is the matter? Messengers have arrived from the *Sasurár* (husband's father's house) of Rukminee, the eight year old sister, with sorrowful news. Her boy hus-

band is no more! Stricken with cholera in its most virulent form, in a few hours disease culminated in death. As the village in which he resides is more than a hundred miles distant, the funeral ceremonies have long since been performed. It was impossible to communicate the sad intelligence in time to allow of the attendance of any of Múl Rāj's household, even if this were otherwise possible.

And so Rukminee is a widow, without being a wife! A widow at eight! Strange, ridiculously strange, yet solemnly sad. But how? Surely, there could be no room for much, if indeed any, personal attachment between two mere children who saw each other for a few hours but once in their lives? Ah! no; that is not the reason for the wailing and the lamentation which resound through the bereaved household. There is really little love lost in the bereavement, nor had the household any pecuniary or other expectations which have now been blighted. Whence, then, this burst of grief, this desolation of woe? Ah, that crushing word, *widow*! Sad enough anywhere, to the Hindu it means the extinguishment of joy and hope and happiness. It is not merely an eclipse, it is total and perpetual darkness. Young as the widow might be,—a child indeed,—she may never, in the higher castes, be joined to another man. More than this, her position in the household is degraded and humiliating to the last degree. The calamity which has

befallen her is believed to be a just retribution for serious misdeeds in a previous birth,—hence she is shunned and spurned even by her own relatives as morally plague-smitten. From the lofty position of a cherished wife, she now descends to the dark dungeon of social and moral ostracism, and in this dungeon there glimmers not a ray of hope; her future life is a long course of unmitigated misery.

External conditions harmonize grimly with the actual facts. The long tresses of hair,—a woman's pride, are shorn without mercy; the jewellery and other ornaments in which she was bedecked while a wife, are all taken away, the gaily colored *chunri* in which she was arrayed is exchanged for sombre habiliments,—nor may she ever attire herself attractively again. The darkest corner of the house becomes her retreat, the most servile service her employment. Thus bereaved of hope and stripped of all that made life bright and joyful, she drags on her days in a living entombment until death comes to the rescue; or worse,—she breaks through the bars of this sepulchre to plunge into the gaping jaws of a living perdition. For beneath the dungeon of enforced widowhood, smouldre the fires of a relentless Gehenna, and many a poor woman, branded an outcast by this deadly custom, becomes a prey to the crafty priest or the designing Brahman. Is it any wonder that the Hindu widow rushed from such a fate to the sati fire, when

that fire promised not only quick deliverance from the woes of widowhood, but certain admission for her husband and herself into the highest heaven? The British Government have stopped the crackling of the sati fire, but the dungeon gates of enforced widowhood still creak upon their rusted hinges, while below the Gehenna of moral ruin smokes and burns consuming its victims, body and soul, in swift destruction. There are intelligent Hindus to-day who seriously deprecate the action of the British Government, because it deprives the Hindu widow of a quick, and to her, honorable, release from her misery and degradation; while they take no measures to save her from the protracted tortures of enforced widowhood.

What is the prolific parent of all this misery? The pernicious system of child marriage undoubtedly. A girl from the time she is able to speak or think, is educated to think of marriage as her highest, her only end in life. She cannot conceive of life without it; it is the *summum bonum* of her earthly existence. Yet this all important event is one of mere childish curiosity and interest to her. She is utterly incapable of comprehending its solemn import, nor has she any right of judgment or opinion in an event which concerns all her future life. Married she must be and that as quickly as possible; and if perchance her matrimonial engagement is not satisfactorily and speedily adjusted, her parents regard her as

a luckless encumbrance, and do not fail to make her feel her position keenly.

A wail from twenty millions of Hindu widows—worse than dead—pours its requiem of desolation and sorrow in the ear of Christendom, while trembling swarthy hands appear above the billows of moral and social death, supplicating help, ere they sink forever in the swirling vortex. Who will hear and hasten to the rescue? If a signal of distress be made from yon rocky shoal, if but a single hand be seen uplifted to succour help, a hundred brawny arms would pull through the raging surf at eminent hazard of life, rather than that endangered one should sink unsuccoured. Yet here is a cry from helpless millions for succour! Oh! let it not be lost in faint and yet fainter echoes, and the hands that now implore your Christian help be locked in the ghastly grip of moral and eternal death.

What is the remedy for this crushing, gigantic evil? The remedy must necessarily be two-fold,—destructive and constructive. Legislation, state legislation, arm-in-arm with a regenerated public sentiment, must hew this mammoth custom to the ground. Yea, the axe is already laid at the root of the deadly Upas tree, and India is awakening to the evils of this horrible and unnatural superstition. But when the tree falls, it will be with a reverberation that will shake and rend Hindu society to its foundation. That society must then be reconstructed upon

another model,—the model of Christian grace and culture, or the last end will be worse than the first. It is this constructive work which calls for the noble and devoted followers of the Phebes and Priscillas and Julias of apostolic times. Thank God for those who have gone forth and are even now in the van of the fight; hold up their hands, ye Christian men and women of America, with your prayers and sympathies, and make haste to reinforce their all too slender ranks, lest they utterly faint in the gathering battle.

But we must return to the home life of our typical Hindu. A religion so objective and sensuous as that of the Hindus could not subsist without constantly feeding the popular craving for the religiously sensational. Hence their numerous *tehwárs*, or feast days, with their attendant *Melas*, or religio-festive gatherings. These are indeed legion, and differ with race, dialect and locality. Each god has its celebration,—the favored ones claiming conspicuous attention and homage. The different seasons again are greeted with special demonstrations, and are made occasions of particular jubilation and religious celebration. A favorite *tehwár* of the Hindus is the *Holi* Festival, held at the spring-tide of the year. At this season, when the rigors of winter are yielding to the genial warmth of spring-dawn, when the trees are putting on their fresh mantle of green, and the flowers are bursting into bloom and the birds into song,—when the wav-

ing corn-fields are shaking their tassels of gold for the reapers scythe, the Hindu prepares for the gay carnival of the *Holi* festival. Of course, there are signs and sounds of joyous preparation in our Hindu household. The children are arrayed in their best,—even the seniors are forward with gayest habiliments. A large *shameannah* or canvas pavilion is reared in front of the house for a dancing party, and is illuminated with glass burners and chandeliers.

The festival arrives, and the days pass joyfully in promenading the city streets, where the children are indulged with sweets, toys and playthings, visiting and receiving visits, and other merriments. The nights are spent at the *nautches*, or dancing parties, which are maintained often at considerable expense.

The Hindu's views on dancing are antipodal to the Europeans. No respectable Hindu would dream of being associated with this exercise, save as a spectator, and as for his wife, daughter and sister figuring in the "graceful maze,"—why the idea is simply inconceivable. The dancing girls are a distinct class and usually of avowedly irregular life. They are hired, sometimes at considerable expense, for these occasional performances. Not unfrequently, these girls are notably pretty and graceful in person; some are possessed of singular beauty. They are not only dancers but singers, and their quality and value are judged of by their looks, and their vocal and dancing

ability. Gaily arrayed in silks and tinsel, with tinkling bells at the feet, usually two girls perform at the same time, singing to the accompaniment of violins and guitars, while the *dholak* not only keeps time, but gives expression to the whole. The dancing is so unlike the European notion of the movements of the "light fantastic toe," that no description can convey a just idea of the performance. Suffice it to say that it consists as much of postures and attitudes and gestures, as of movements and gyrations; the object being to act out the most wanton emotions which a lawless passion can produce. Altogether, the performance is impure and demoralizing; and is oftentimes the theatre of the most indecorous scenes. At the *Holi* festival such dancing parties abound; huge scaffoldings are erected upon which *taifas* of dancing girls perform in view of multitudes; while pleasure boats glide up and down the river with dancing parties in full swing.

But this is not the worst feature of this carnival. Intertwined with the joyful celebration of the spring harvest, is the commemoration of the lewd and wanton sportings of the popular god Krishna, and right worthily are the doings of this deified debauchee celebrated. The vilest obscenities are publicly sung in the streets, and the most indecent signs and gestures indulged in without restraint or shame. Respectable women dare not pass through the streets. Indeed, until lately even European ladies

were assaulted with the most ribald and obscene effusions. The last day or two of this festival are a perfect Bacchanalian Saturnalia. A red pigment with powdered talc are cast upon every passer by, and squirted in a liquid state upon the clothes and person. To see huge gangs of men reeling along, mad with the frenzy of voluptuous revelry, some indeed drunk with intoxicating drink; all drenched, face, hands and clothes, by the vile dye,—singing aloud the most obscene ribaldries,—presents a scene as like Pandemonium as it is possible to behold in this world. And yet this is the most joyous Hindu *tehwār*, and is religiously observed as the most fitting and acceptable commemoration of the amorous exploits of Krishna, the popular incarnation of Vishnu!

The festival has come and gone, and Múl Rāj's household has returned to the prose of every-day life. There is, however, a dark shadow upon the threshold. The old patriarch, the father of Múl Rāj and Fateh Singh, is sick, and it is evident that he must die. There is no extraordinary solicitude evident on this account, however; the sons regard the impending event as a kind of necessity, preordained and inevitable. The old man himself, now very feeble, is scarcely more concerned. Death is merely the gate through which the soul passes from one organism to another, and therefore awakens but little anxiety or concern, especially in the case of the aged and infirm.

Poor old man, he grows feebler and feebler, and

His sons bear him out filially to the bank of the sacred Ganga to die. There he is laid upon a stretcher, under an awning to shield him from the scorching sun, while the Ganga water is poured into his mouth, with some leaves of the sacred *Tulshi*, and the image of some god is laid on his breast. Soon the "vital spark" expires and the funeral rites begin. Múl Rāj, as the eldest son, is the person upon whom devolves the duty of conducting these ceremonies. He makes a ball of barley-dough and puts it into the right hand of the corpse. This is for the present and immediate sustenance of the disembodied soul or *preta*. The body is then wound in some clean linen, placed on a bamboo bier, and carried by four men to the burning place beside the river, while the friends and relatives follow, crying "*Rama, Rama, Sat hai!*" (Rām is true).

Arrived at the burning *ghât*, the corpse is laid down, with its feet to the south. It is now bathed, and some gold and clarified butter having been put in the mouth, it is placed upon the funeral pile. Múl Rāj now has his head and face shaved, all save the single lock upon his head, and sets fire to the pile. When the body is about half consumed, some *ghee* is poured on the head, which is then deliberately shattered with bamboos. The fire is quenched with the *Ganga* water, and the body is thrown into the river. After some trifling ceremonies, the funeral party bathe, chew the bitter leaves of the *Neem*, and return home.

Múl Rāj must sleep on the ground and touch no one in the family for eleven days, while the entire household must live for the same period on austere fare. Then follow the important rites called *Srāddhas*, the purport of which will be understood by a little explanation. When a man dies, his gross body is burned, and, according to the Hindu belief, his soul remains hovering near the burning ground, longing to depart, but unable to do so for want of a suitable vehicle or body. In this condition it is a restless and foul ghost; and if left thus would wander to and fro disposed to avenge itself by malignant acts upon all living creatures. The object of the *Srāddhas* is to supply this restless and unhappy ghost with a suitable body in which it can pass on to its next destination.

Hence *Múl Rāj*, as the eldest son and principal mourner, offers to the *preta*, or spirit, a *pinda*, or round ball of barley-flour, with libations of water, daily, from the first day after the funeral till the tenth. These are believed to contribute in framing the desired vehicle or body. On the tenth day, he takes all these to the river, and cooking some milk and rice, rolls all up in balls, and with libations of milk and water, offers all with incense to the spirit, which, having now received a complete envelopment, becomes a *pitri*, and is practically worshipped by the family.

On the eleventh day, the Maha Brahman, who has control of funeral rites, is invited to the house. Múl

Rāj now washes his feet, puts a mark upon his forehead, and makes a variety of presents to the Brahman, after which he once more mingles with his friends and relatives. The ceremony of offering libations of food to deceased ancestors is, however, continued at stated intervals, so as to facilitate their passing without let or hindrance upon their onward way, through the various stages of the interminable passage of transmigration.

The days pass, and the revolving seasons bring their appointed festive days of more or less importance. The next cherished festival is the *Rām lila* celebration, which usually takes place in the month of October. It is enacted with representations of the exploits of Rāma Chandra, the king of Ayodhya. The abduction of Sita, Rāma's wife, by Rāvana, the giant king of *Lanka* (Ceylon), the assault of Rāma, wherein he is aided by *Hanumān*, the monkey general, the ultimate victory of Rāma and the destruction of Rāvana, are all set forth in a series of coarse dramatic representations, extending over several days, and terminating with the blowing up of Rāvana. Each city has its representation,—the larger ones, three or four. They are attended by multitudes of both old and young, as the centre of a vast amount of fun and merry-making. Sweetmeat and toy-venders spread their allurements for the young, while stalls and booths of finery and tinsel attract the women.

Almost cotemporaneously, with the *Ram lila*, in the

northern provinces, is the *Durga puja*, or worship of Durga, in lower Bengal. It is intended to commemorate the victory of the sanguinary Durga, over the buffalo-headed demon, *Mahishāshar*. Her image is worshipped with much *pomp*, for nine days, and then cast into the water. The tenth day is called *Dasahara*. Close upon the heel of the *Rām lila*, follows the *Devāli* festival, in honor of Vishnu's wife, *Lakshmi*, and Shiva's wife, *Pārvati*. It is to an outsider, the most sensible of the Hindu festivals. Every house is cleaned up, and if possible whitewashed and otherwise decorated, and in the night, each habitation is illuminated according to the means of the owner. Some are splendidly lit up, while the poorest will set out a few oil lamps. Earthen toys and sweatmeats, moulded in the form of beasts and birds, abound, and altogether the bazaar puts on its brightest gala dress. But even this cheerful and glittering festival has its dark side, for the *Devāli* night is given up to systematic and universal gambling. This is not only a stimulating pastime, but a religious requirement. While, therefore, the orthodox gamble religiously, the ragged liberals take one step further, and devote the night to thieving and house-breaking. Hence, on *Devāli* night, notwithstanding its illumination and brightness, special vigilance must be maintained against knaves and rogues of all degrees, from the daring burglar to the juvenile pick-pocket.

But to return to our Hindu home:—Chameli, the daughter of Múl Rāj is now over seven years old, and her parents are anxiously solicitous for an early and advantageous “settlement” for her. They regard this as their most pressing and sacred duty, the neglect of which would expose them to ruinous disgrace. Hence, serious conference is held among the members of the household and their immediate friends, resulting in the nomination of an “eligible candidate” for matrimonial honors in the person of a bright boy of nine, named *Jānki*, the son of respectable and well-to-do Kshatriyas, resident in the same city. The match appearing in every way desirable and suitable, the horoscope of the young couple is compared,—of course, with very gratifying results. It is remarkable how accommodating domestic astrology is in such cases, and with what good nature the stars combine to predict a prosperous future for those intending to mate.

And now the initiative ceremony, that of the *Tika*, takes place. Múl Rāj, despatches the family priest and barber with a brass dish, a cocoanut and present in money and jewels, to the father of the bridegroom elect. They are received with much respect by old Jawáhir Sing, who invites all his friends and relations to meet the messengers; and in the presence of all, they plant the *tika*, or marriage dot upon the forehead of the bridegroom elect. The boy's father presents alms to the Brahmans, sweet-

meats and balls of cocoanuts to his friends; and after cordially entertaining the visitors from the bride's home, dismisses them with presents of money and clothes.

They bring a favorable, nay flattering account of their reception to Múl Rāj, who next calls for the *lagan* from the family priest. The *lagan* is a calendar of auspicious dates for the performance of the ceremonies which are to follow. A copy of this programme of dates is rolled up with a couple of betel-nuts, some turmeric, a little dry rice and two pice, and tied with yellow thread; this packet is sent to Jawáhir Sing by the hand of the family barber, with a silver coin and some barley. On receipt of this, the old man prepares to act upon the directions of the calendar,—despatching *invitations* to his relatives and friends.

At length the auspicious day arrives. Busy, joyous and costly preparations are made in the home of the bride. The whole house is cleansed, and whitewashed and decorated. A pavilion is pitched outside at some distance from the entrance, where the bridal party are to be entertained. The necessary provisions for the regalement of the guests are made on a scale not only unstinted but lavish, while *nautches*, or dancing parties, and *Bhānds* or buffoons, are engaged for their entertainment. In the centre of the inner courtyard, a small shed, called the *maraya*, is erected upon five posts, one of which is in the centre: this is for the immediate marriage ceremonies.

Of course, all the family are arrayed in gay and glittering habiliments,—all save the child-widow, *Rukminee*. The little bride, who is jubilant in expectation of the great fun before her, is arrayed in a rich robe of gay colors, with a *chaddar* drawn over her youthful face. Of course, she is plentifully adorned with jewels and tinsel. The whole household indeed is suitably bedecked to receive the bridal party expected at night.

Hark! the silence is suddenly broken by the braying of trumpets, and the roll of drums. Then there bursts upon the darkness the gleam of light from scores of torches. The *barāt*, or marriage procession is at hand! Preceded by loud and clashing music, and *taifas* of *nautches* upon scaffolding borne upon men's shoulders, a long procession of elephants, camels, horses, *bahlis* and *raths* follow, bearing the bridegroom, his relations, friends and supporters.

In the middle of the procession is the youthful bridegroom, arrayed in a long flowing robe reaching to his feet, with a high cupola-like hat glistening with tinsel. He is literally weighed down with garlands of the odorous *beyla*, and is mounted upon a heavy, but richly-caparisoned horse. The procession is closed by hundreds of unwashed, staring idlers, who follow upon the heels of every loud demonstration for the fun of the thing.

As the *barāt* nears the bride's house, the trumpets bray louder, the drums roll more vociferously, the torches

flash higher, while muskets and fireworks are let off with hiss and bang, so as to make every variety of noise and as much of it as possible. This is the very crisis of the demonstration, and enthusiasm rises to its utmost pitch in the endeavor to make a striking thing of it. That useful functionary, the family barber, is sent on ahead with offerings.

And now the procession being at the door, Múl Rāj and Fateh Singh, with their friends and kindred, come forth to greet it. At the same time, the entrance door is plastered with that sacred unguent—cow-dung,—and worship is offered to Ganesh and other deities. Múl Rāj touches the feet of the young bridegroom, as a token of respect, puts a mark upon his forehead, and makes costly presents of money, clothes and jewels. The *barāt* now retires to the pavilion pitched outside, where it is entertained with *nautches*, *bhānds*, etc. Here the bride's young brother washes the feet of the bridegroom and of his brother, while *sherbet*, a cool beverage, is presented to them and their friends.

When the auspicious moment arrives, the bridegroom and his friends are invited into the inner courtyard, where the temporary shed has been erected. The bridegroom's feet are again washed, after which he gets something to eat. Múl Rāj, after bestowing alms, now brings two pieces of yellow linen; with one of these the girl covers herself, the other is joined to the bridegroom's robe. A

palm plume, having touched an image of Ganesh, is bound to the bride's head. The priests on both sides now solemnly bless the bride and bridegroom; after which they (the priests) receive presents.

The hand of the bride is now put into the right hand of the bridegroom after some curious ceremonies, and the upper garments of both being knotted together, they are made to sit together, the bride to the right of the bridegroom with her face to the east.

A small altar is built between the centre post of the shed and the bride and bridegroom, upon which incense is burned, and *puja* offered to the gods. They are then covered over for a few minutes with a sheet, while a few trifling ceremonies are gone through. Then Múl Raj puts his daughter's hand into Jánki's, and they walk round the altar and the centre post several times. This ceremony, which is called the *Chounri*, completes the marriage bond.

Pledges of mutual love and fidelity are then exchanged, which Vishnu, fire and the Brahmans are solemnly invoked to attest. Thus the bridegroom of nine and the bride of seven undertake the most sacred obligations without any conception of their weight or import. The bridegroom then sprinkles some water upon the bride's head, and both bow before the sun in worship. After this the bridegroom places his hand upon the bride's heart, while the priests put marks upon the foreheads of both, and finally

blessing them, receive their dues. After receiving the presents of the bride's mother and the other ladies, the bride and bridegroom go out into the pavilion where the *barāt* is being entertained. For two or three days, the marriage procession is feasted, then respectfully dismissed.

Little *Chameli* and her boy husband go with the *barāt*. She is accompanied by her little brother and some other female relatives,—nevertheless she weeps bitterly as she leaves for the first time the home of her childhood. In a palanquin, the married couple are conveyed to their new home with the singing of gay nuptial songs by the women friends. Entering the door, after some superstitious ceremonies to keep off evil influence, *pūja* is performed, and then their knot is loosened.

After a few days, *Chameli* returns to her parental home, where she stays until five years have passed. Then a simple ceremony, called the *gauna* is performed, and she is finally sent to her new home, and takes up the duties of a *gihrast*, in subjection to the matrons of her husband's household,—occasionally returning to her parents, but for short periods only.

Meanwhile life moves on in its appointed groove. Months, seasons, years go by; successes and reverses alternate; the sun of life glides noiselessly toward the horizon, while the dark cloud of old age and bodily infirmity streak the sky. Even Hindu stolidity and

insensibility cannot wholly smother the voice of the soul in its anxious clamorings with regard to the future. Múl Rāj and Fateh Singh are becoming old men; those who once were children are in the prime of life, while there are childish voices and pattering of little feet in the old house that a few years ago were not. The hand-writing upon the walls of the inner sanctuary, inscribing the stern fiat of mortal doom becomes more distinct, and constrains even the deluded and dreamy Hindu to confront the future. This future is very dark and confused, yet the old men feel that something beyond the ordinary routine of *puja* and *dān* are necessary. They have constructed wells for travelers; bathing *ghāts* for religious worshippers; *dharmśālas* for devotees and *fakirs*. They have given alms and fed Brahmans. All these, they are assured are works of merit, which are sure to be of avail in the day of ultimate reckoning; yet they do not bring any comfort to the soul, any healing to "a mind diseased."

To achieve something of transcending meritoriousness is now their aim. After consultation with the family *guru*, it is determined to hold a public reading of some portion of the sacred writings. This act is one of superlative value and excellence, conferring upon the donors untold spiritual reward. The Shri Bhāgavata is chosen as the text; a pavilion capable of holding about a thousand persons is erected, with an extended dais for the Brahmans and readers; and a number of learned *pandits*

are invited. With imposing ceremonials, the reading is opened and proceeds from day to day in the hearing of many hundreds of eager listeners. The recitation with the customary comments takes a whole month, entailing immense trouble and enormous expense upon the zealous projectors. On the last day there is a special *pūja* and then a general feasting of the Brahmans, who are as usual generously appreciative of such attentions.

And now all is over ; the multitudes have dispersed, and Múl Rāj and Fateh Singh are returning home at dusk from the deserted pavilion. There is an obvious reaction from the busy excitement and enthusiasm. At such times, the soul—hushed before,—must speak, and its utterance is in the language of universal humanity.

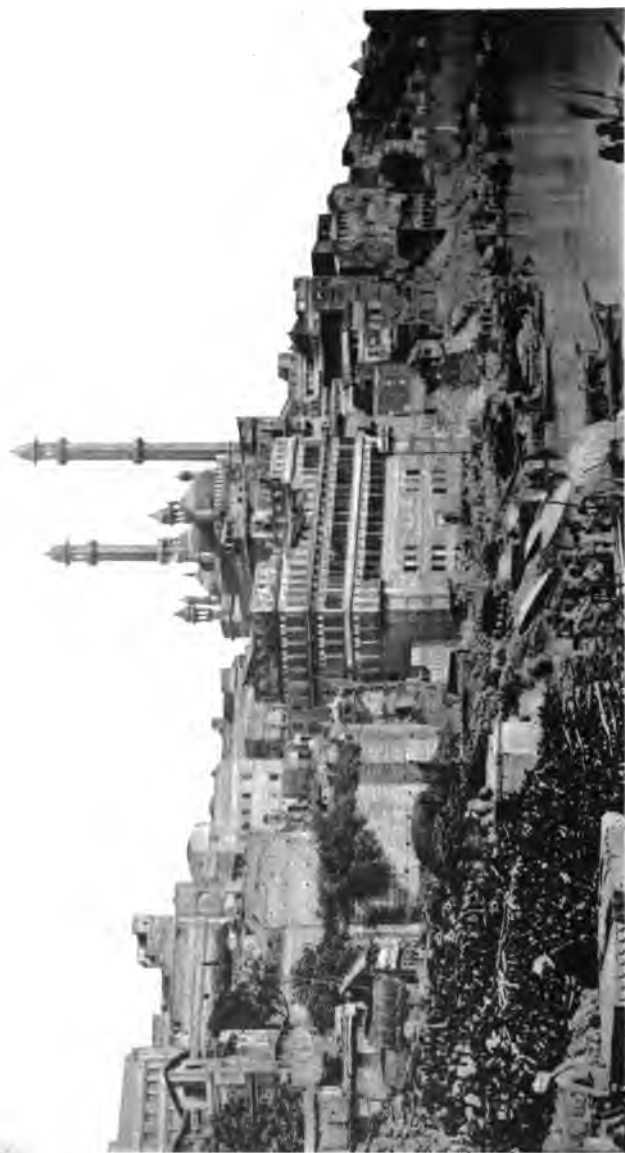
“A very successful performance,” observes Fateh Singh.

“Yes,” replies the elder brother, “but what, after all, is its value?”

“Do not the Brahmans say that there is wondrous efficacy of merit in the act?”

“Yes, they say so, and I suppose it is true ; but it is strange that the *man* (mind) is none the lighter or happier.”

“True,” assents the younger brother, “nor is there any cleansing of this *Kambakht* (unfortunate) spirit from the pollution of evil. This *mail ka kit* (corrosion of filthiness) is just as deep and black as ever.”



BENARES.

At this moment, there comes the sound of singing from the centre of the crowd over the way :

*"A pari t'hyama
Yahua! Yahua! Yahua!"*

("Whatever sinner comes to Jesus, Jesus gives to him salvation!")

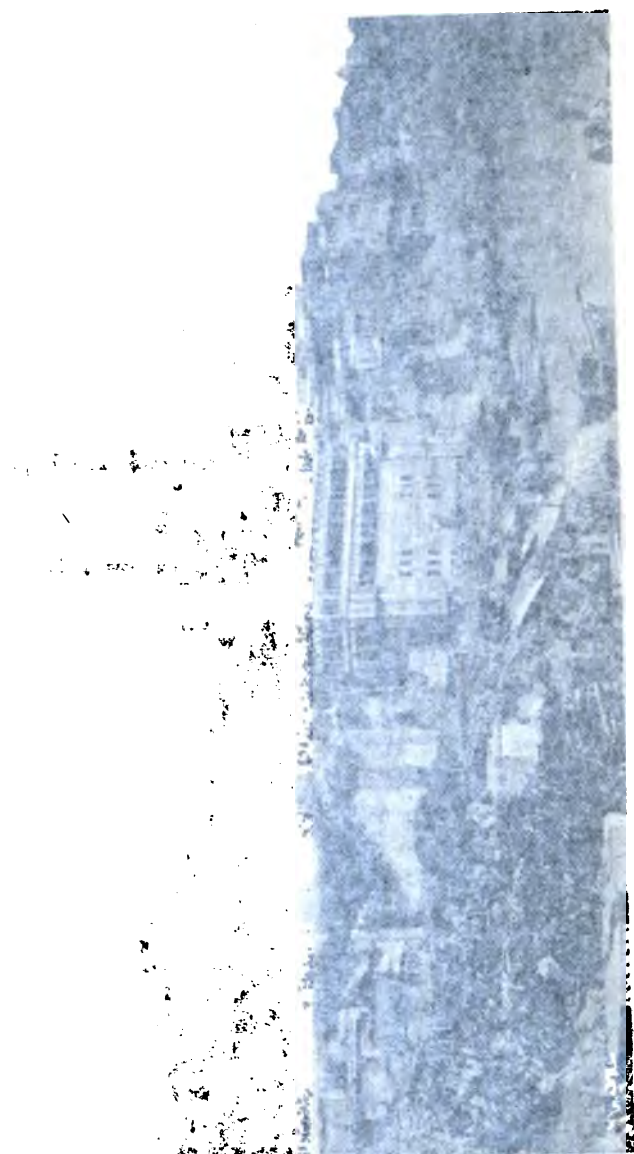
Stepping across the street, they stand at the outer edge of the crowd in the centre of which a horrible preacher of the gospel is hating up the Redeemer before the multitude :

*"Ali tam logo, jo thake aor bache dabe ho, sabmare
pis ao, ki main tunchen anen dunga"*

("Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.")

The preacher plainly and lovingly sets forth Christ as a Saviour from sin and care and sorrow,—dwelling upon his wondrous love and sacrifice and sympathy,—and then, like a faithful witness for his Master, testifies of His power in His own salvation. His words, though not in human cunning or wisdom, are with convincing earnestness and power. While some deride and others scoff, there are two present at least, who feel that the words they have heard have answered the deep and burning questions of the soul.

They walk home in silence,—those two hearers,—absorbed in thought. We leave them here,—they go, wondering whether the good seed just dropped, has not



DEFNARES.

At this moment, there comes the sound of singing from the centre of the crowd over the way :

*"Jo pāpi Yishu kane āwe
Yishu hai wāki mukti karaiya !"*

("Whatever sinner comes to Jesus, Jesus gives to him salvation !")

Stepping across the street, they stand at the outer edge of the crowd, in the centre of which, a humble preacher of the gospel is lifting up the Redeemer before the multitude:

"Ai tum logo, jo thake aur bare bojh se dabe ho, sabmere pās ao, ki main tumhen arām dunga."

("Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.")

The preacher plainly and lovingly sets forth Christ as a Saviour from sin and care and sorrow,—dwelling upon his wondrous love and sacrifice and sympathy,—and then, like a faithful witness for his Master, testifies of His power in His own salvation. His words, though not in human cunning or wisdom, are with convincing earnestness and power. While some deride and others mock, there are two present at least, who feel that the words they have heard have answered the deep and burning questions of the soul.

They walk home in silence,—those two brothers,—absorbed in thought. We leave them here ;—leave them, wondering whether the good seed just dropped, has been

merely food for the birds of the air, or the germs of eternal life in the soul;—leave them, praying that the unnumbered thousands of just such anxious spirits,—knocking to-day with knuckles bruised and bleeding at the gate of spiritual illumination,—may be led to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The Hindu at home! View him at a distance with his strange mummeries of worship, with his caste bigotries, with his degrading superstitions! The Hindu woman! View her at a distance in her benighted ignorance, her helpless and servile dependence, her almost soulless stolidity! The Hindu child! View it at a distance, in its squalor and filth and nakedness;—yes, view them *at a distance*, and you stagger at the spectacle as though it were scarcely human, and your voice falters as you ask, “Can these bones live?”

But get closer, *closer*; look upon them with eyes tearful with compassion; hear their cry with ears attent in pity, and you will find that they are your brothers and sisters, with strong claims upon your help and succour. Yea, get closer still, and look upon them with the Eye of incarnated compassion, and feel for them with the Heart that brake for their salvation, and you will find your heart grow warm with love, and your arm nerve with strong determination, and your hope for their regeneration rise, until it shall grasp the horn of intercession with a confidence that—

"Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—it shall be done!"

In India, I have seen the boy rescued from the den of a ravening wolf. Carried away when but a sucking babe, it has been nourished and reared by the fierce animal. Years have passed, and the huntsman in the jungle is startled at beholding the strange spectacle of a being, human in appearance, yet utterly brutish in manner and habit and taste. With difficulty it is seized and rescued. Tied up with strong chains, see how it writhes and foams and tears its bonds. Its language, a wild, savage and inarticulate howl; its outward form, slouched, bowed, loathsome; its habits, cruel, bloodthirsty, brutish!

Ah! but within that ungainly, unpromising casket, dwells a latent mind, throbs a slumbering soul. Approach it with kindness and hopefulness, water the germ of mind with the tears of sympathy and pity, and it will yet bloom into the grateful and odorous plant of self-conscious intelligence. Those lips grown thick with brutish carnage, shall yet open to utter words of pleasing and coherent sound; those eyes in which the fierce gleam of savagery alone survives the death of all other expression, shall yet burn and kindle with heaven-born emotions. Ah! yes, there is a MAN hidden beneath that mask of brutish ferocity; tear open the mask, and the man shall stand before you in the fullness and freedom of his divinely implanted powers.

Ah! brothers, turn from the striking figure to the still more striking fact! Beneath the mask of heathenism, beneath the superstitions and idolatries, the unnatural and cruel customs, the senseless and degrading ceremonies of the Hindu, beats a human heart, throbs a human soul! Made in the likeness of God, redeemed with the blood of Jesus, destined for the glories of heaven, he is capable of renovation and restoration, yea, of glorious transfiguration in the image of God! His heart may become the mirror of truth and purity, his soul the furnace of divine love, his lips the fountain of praise and thanksgiving. God hath proclaimed the possibility,—nay, more, procured the means necessary and adequate to secure the glorious consummation. Shall human hearts and hands co-operate to bring this to actual realization? Standing at the door of the temple of spiritual liberty and life, and waving its hand to the lost and benighted of India, the Spirit saith, “Come!”; shall the bride, the blood-bought church of Christ, in the ready consecration of her treasures and her talents, her toils and her prayers, say “Come?” And shall he who heareth, upon whose ear the Master’s call to forsake all and follow him, falls for the first time, or perchance, resisted before, sounds again with divine authority,—putting his hand to the gospel plough, and determined never to look back,—echo, “Come?” “Even so, come Lord Jesus, quickly,” and claim thy blood-bought possession for thyself. Amen.

V.

MISSION MOSAICS.

"If ever I see a Hindu converted to Jesus Christ, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have ever yet seen." Thus spake the devout Henry Martyn, a chaplain of the East India Ecclesiastical Establishment, at the beginning of this century. In our day a native paper (the *Indo Prakash*, of Bombay), whose very existence is a triumph of missionary enlightenment, thus writes: "We daily see Hindus of every caste becoming Christians and devoted missionaries of the Cross."

That a great revolution has taken place is evident, but is this to be wondered at? Certainly not. When the mighty leverage of that engine which in its earliest days had the reputation of "turning the world upside down," is applied to uproot superstition and error, it is no wonder that the mighty fabric quakes and totters. The whole matter is solved in a single sentence, "The gospel of Christ is *the power of God* unto salvation."

This gospel is necessarily and everywhere antagonistic to error. It proposes no accommodation, offers no compromise, concludes no reconciliation with false teaching. The Brahman, with his easy creed of *avatārs* (incarnations) would have gladly taken Christianity under his wings; the Mahomedan * with his ostentatious reverence for Jesus as a prophet and teacher, would have readily afforded to our Lord a niche only a step lower than the Throne of the Infinite. But the religion of Christ, scorning all such overtures, upsets and overturns every system not of God, and builds its claims upon their charred and blackened ruins. If it were not of God, its success would be hopeless; if it be of God, its conquest is neither doubtful nor strange.

Tradition ascribes to St. Thomas, among the Apostles, the honor of having proclaimed Christ in India. At the dispersion of the early Church in Jerusalem, Sempronius and other early writers affirm that St. Thomas preached the gospel to the Medes, Persians, Carminians, Hyrcani and the neighboring nations. Leaving Persia, he traveled into Ethiopia, and thence proceeded to Hindustan. The

* The Mahomedan acknowledges one God and Mahomed as his prophet. He allows Jesus to be the mightiest of the divine prophets, and characterizes him as *Ruh Allāh* (the Spirit of God) while Mahomed is only *Rasūl Allāh* (the prophet of God). He stumbles, however, at the Divine Sonship of our Lord, and altogether is among our bitterest and most wily opposers.

traditions of the early Portuguese settlers affirm that St. Thomas first came to Socotora, an island in the Arabian sea, thence landing upon the coast he proceeded inland, preaching the gospel. At Meliapur, the capital of the Coromandel kingdom, he attempted to erect a church, which, after much hindrance and persecution, was completed,—Sagamo, the king, himself embracing the new faith. The Brahmans, alarmed at his success, attacked him while at his devotions, with darts, and finally dispatched him with a spear. His body was buried in the church which he had erected.

But few facts remain with regard to this early church. For a time it flourished, and grew in favor with the Indian potentates, and maintained its position with much pomp and state. It is beyond doubt that this very favor slew its vitality; and its followers insensibly lapsed into the wily meshes of heathenism. That a form of religion was maintained for long afterward is evident, not only from the traditions which abound, but from the monuments and relics which remain; but ceasing to make war upon error the locks of its strength were shorn.

A long period of darkness intervenes, unbroken by a ray of light. In 1541, Francis Xavier, called the "Apostle of the Indies," entered upon his career as the Roman Catholic missionary to India. Personally, it cannot be doubted that he was an eminently devoted and useful preacher. He traversed the southern part of the

peninsula from Goa to the Pearl fisheries in Comorin, and thence to Ceylon, always and everywhere abundant in labors and patient under tribulation.

His methods of work were more questionable. "Xavier sent his catechists through the villages, and calling the people by the ringing of a bell, they read to them translations of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Creed, to which, if they assented, they were immediately baptized in such numbers that Xavier wrote, 'It often happens to me that my hands fail through the fatigue of baptizing, for I have baptized a whole village in a single day.' He baptized children of heathen parents, and multitudes who knew not the language in which things were told them. Accessions were made to the Roman church by mixed marriages of Portuguese with natives on condition that the latter submitted to baptism. They transferred idolatrous worship from the idol to the crucifix, till the heathen recognized them as their 'little brothers.' The Romanists claimed in 1877 over a million of adherents in all India, though it is difficult to reconcile this with the returns in the Government census of 1880."

The modern Protestant mission in India was founded in 1705. The Danes were the honored instruments of this advance. Ziegenbalg, the eminent student of Halle University, with Plutschau as his colleague, forsaking the most brilliant of careers at home, embraced the putrid corpse of heathenism in India. His career was short

but bright. In 1711, Ziegenbalg had translated the whole of the New Testament into Tamil, and at the time of his death in 1719, the Old Testament as far as Ruth. He was worthily succeeded by a band of noble men, who labored in and about Tranquebar, Madras, Negapatam, Fort St. David and Cuddalore, with much acceptance and success.

In 1750, Schwartz, the brightest missionary light of Southern India, entered upon his long and successful career. For nearly half a century he toiled in the arid and unpromising harvest field with a devotion, sagacity and holy enthusiasm scarcely paralleled and never surpassed. With a mere pittance of £48 a year, clothed in a black suit of dyed dimity, contented with the humblest circumstances in life, he labored on heroically, until he beheld the rocks shattered, the fallow ground broken up, the sky of brass laden with richly freighted clouds, and the earth of iron bringing forth ripened sheaves. He was admired and respected by the natives on every side; to the treacherous and suspecting potentates around, he was the pledge of Christian honor and truth. The Rája of Tanjore revered him as a father. The terror of the Carnatic, Hyder Ally, said to an English Embassy which waited on him with propositions for a treaty, "Send me the Christian (Schwartz); he will not deceive me." After a career of forty-eight years he left behind him ten thousand converts.

The Danish Mission so auspiciously begun and so

ably carried forward, has but little to show to-day of its ingathered fruit. The caste system was treated with tolerance by the early missionaries, in ignorance, doubtless, of its baleful effects; and the thorns soon mounted high and crushed the wheat. To this unfortunate and unwise compromise may be traced the comparative failure of this most wisely organized and earnestly prosecuted missionary effort of modern days.

In Bengal, the ground had been partially broken by earnest labor, but the honor of founding missionary work upon a broad and permanent basis belongs to William Carey, the devoted cobbler of Northampton, England. With his fervent soul on fire for the redemption of the world, he went up and down his native land until he had succeeded in infusing some life and warmth into the benumbed heart of the home church. The Baptist Missionary Society was organized in 1792, and William Carey was sent out to India, with Mr. Thomas as his colleague. Carey entered upon his work in 1793, and was permitted to labor for nearly half a century, reaping richly as he had sown unsparingly. His way at first was absolutely closed up by the unfriendliness of the English government, and he and his co-laborers Marshman and Ward, who joined him later, had to accept the hospitality of the Danish government, and found their mission in Serampore, at some distance from Calcutta. Here the work of translating the Scriptures, teaching and direct evangeli-

zation was steadily carried on. The printing of the New Testament in Bengali was begun May 26, 1800, and was finished February 7, 1801. The first Bengali convert, Krishna Pál, was baptized on the last Lord's Day in December, 1800.

"William Carey represents the best type of modern missionary hero and reformer. Translating the New Testament into Bengali; on a farm; in the 'factory;' in the chair of Sanskrit and Bengali; translating the Rám-áyana into the Vernacular; founding a college; helping forward moral and political reforms; memorializing the government to suppress infanticide at Ságar, and the abominations of sati; protesting against the 'Pilgrim tax' of the government; or establishing a botanical garden, he towers sublimely as the representative of the noblest and broadest philanthropy and aggressive Christianity."

Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burmah, stands at the van of the long train of noble missionaries devoted by Christian America to the redemption of the East. He commenced his labors in 1813, and amidst the severest opposition from a despotic monarch, and a haughty and indolent people, planted the gospel in benighted Burmah. With his noble and devoted wife, he endured the most harrowing persecution; in perils, in imprisonments, often weary and discouraged, he labored on until, at the close of his ministry, he could look back with grateful satisfaction at the mighty work wrought of God and say "I eat the rice and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look

on the fields of Christians, see no dwelling but those of Christian families." *

But another name remains to be added to the noble band of missionary pioneers, that of Alexander Duff, of the Free Church of Scotland. The irrepressible flame of a pure missionary zeal, burning in his soul with quenchless ardour, communicated its warmth to his church, and urged it to action. After being twice shipwrecked, Duff reached India in 1830, and laid the foundation of his unique work,—the evangelization of the high-caste Hindu by means of Christian education. He began his famous institution with five pupils, and in nine years, they numbered eight hundred. That institution not only diffused the rays of secular knowledge, but poured forth the light of the purest and most aggressive evangelization. The converts from this fountain of Christian learning have never been surpassed for qualities of mind and spirit. To Dr. Duff belongs the honor of having achieved the victory in one of the most important contests on the line of missionary progress,—the adoption of the English language as the vehicle of higher education in India. To those who reap the fruit of his labors, it seems incredible that a contest should have been necessary in a cause so obviously of advantage to India. Yet the most stren-

* In the Baptist church at Malden, Mass., there is a Tablet to his memory bearing the following inscription: "*Malden his Birth-place—The Ocean his Sepulchre—Burman Converts and the Burman Bible his Monument—His record is on high.*"

uous and persistent efforts of a man endowed with no ordinary strength of purpose were required to break down the sentimental Orientalism of the period, and to throw open the portals of true progress.

With such pioneers, the missionary force in India has planted its batteries in lines of prudent circumvallation around the citadel of heathenism. Flag after flag marks new arrivals upon the scene of action. There are now hardly less than fifty representatives of Mission Societies or Associations at work in India, distributed over almost every part of the vast continent,—658 Foreign and Anglo Indian ordained agents, 674 native ordained agents, and 2988 native lay preachers (making a total of 4320 preachers, against 953 in 1851, when the number of ordained native preachers was only 29), proclaim the gospel in every language and dialect of India. The Pioneer Woman's Missionary Society was that of the Free Church of Scotland, which sent out its first agent in 1843. Now no less than seventeen Societies are represented in the field, with a force of 541 foreign and Anglo Indian agents, and 1944 native Christian workers. Total, 2485 agents, against 1390 in 1871. Although devoted and zealous women had before this period assailed the Zenánas, and here and there forced an entrance into its darkened cloisters, this was the beginning of a new era in missionary work, of peculiar significance and importance.

The means employed by this army of workers demands some notice and explanation. THE PUBLIC PROCLAMATION OF THE GOSPEL must be regarded as the most direct and important of the agencies at the command of the missionary, and this is, of course, his chief and trustiest weapon. To proclaim the truth by the living voice in the highways and byways, in street and market, in city and village—everywhere—has been recognized by every Missionary Society as in a high degree becoming and necessary.

Standing in the public square or thoroughfare, the missionary arrests the passers-by either by reading or by singing,—the latter, especially if accompanied with instrumental music, being by far the most effective. The audience secured, the judicious preacher proceeds to unfold his message with clearness and caution, securing as far as possible, the sympathy of his hearers. He may begin with the claims of God as Creator, Benefactor and Preserver; he then proceeds to expose the wickedness of sin, appealing to the facts of experience and consciousness to support his statements. In dealing with this subject, he confronts the subtle and serious difficulty of being altogether out of the normal plane of his hearers' thoughts and conceptions on the point involved. When he spoke of sin, he meant the actual transgression of the moral law, and of the defilement caused by contact with evil; the Hindu thinks of sin as the result of the association of

spirit with a material body, and as the necessary fruit of secular ties and domestic relations. Guarding against the danger of being misunderstood, the preacher advances to unfold the righteousness and justice of God, showing that the guilt of sin cannot but be obnoxious to infinite justice in a sense which makes mere repentance, without adequate satisfaction for sins actually committed, a hopeless and chimerical expedient. Having now laid down his foundation, he attempts to erect thereon the necessary and befitting superstructure of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, showing its exact adaptation to the needs of the guilty and sinful soul. He closes his appeal with the testimony of actual experience, and lifts up Christ as available and present to do the same work for all who will believe.

The time has happily gone by when the sacred platform of the cross was made the arena of heated and retaliatory controversy. It was the fashion of a certain class of preachers to assail with wanton ruthlessness the whole religious system of their hearers; and then, having provoked a controversy in the most combative spirit, to retort and retaliate so as to harass and annoy, if they could not convince or silence. Such unholy tournaments are past, however, and a better spirit and wiser method are adopted by the preachers of the gospel. It happens commonly, however, that with the most loving and sagacious preacher, those of "the baser sort," will try to raise a debate or contention; but the missionary usually knows

his men and will skillfully avoid being taken in the meshes of profitless if not profane disputing.

Opinions have varied among experienced workers as to the ultimate value of these public proclamations. It has been contended that with a shifting, restless and often contentious audience, a mere half hour's preaching, even in the most judicious manner, can accomplish but little ; and with this view, there are those who engage but little in public and promiscuous "Bazaar preaching." While this objection has some weight, and while there can be no question that preaching in villages, private houses, and other localities where the truth can be more forcibly and personally brought home, is usually more fruitful,—these facts do not justify the neglect of public and formal proclamation of truth by the ambassador of Christ. Promising sheaves have been gathered by the faithful and earnest preacher in the crowded bazaar, while influences have gone forth from that lifting up of Christ in the sight of the people, which he could neither comprehend nor calculate.

The fact is, this work of public preaching has been performed in general, with but little spirit and expectation of success. The missionary has gone forth to perform a duty ; this done, he has returned home "leaving the issues with God." He has carried the seed basket in his hand, and has scattered broadcast, but he never dreamed of taking the reaping scythe in expectation of a

harvest. The great deficiency in public preaching is the want of facility or means for holding, directly after the preaching, an earnest and believing prayer meeting. If it be expedient, as it commonly is, to hold such a meeting upon the public square where the gospel was proclaimed, there ought to be at hand a suitable place to which the audience can be invited for prayer and exhortation. Another important lack is the neglect to track and pursue those who manifest interest or anxiety during the preaching. It is not difficult to perceive this, and a faithful vigilance and loving perseverance would often be rewarded with gratifying success. On the first occasion that I ever stood up in the *bazaar* to proclaim the gospel, an old Mahomedan manifested signs of deep interest and concern. He was afterward spoken to and visited. His case was deeply interesting: "My heart," said he, "is vile and polluted, and I find it impossible to rid myself of this pollution by any external process; tell me how I can be cleansed within from sin." He was led to Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and in due time baptized.

It is a sign of the most encouraging hopefulness that the faith of God's servants is reviving in His ability to grant them present success. The Rev. Mr. Knowles, of the Methodist Mission in Gondah, recently attracted the attention of the missionary workers in India by a success of the most striking kind in a short itinerating tour. He went forth with a chosen company of praying and believ-

ing workers, suitably equipped, and preaching from place to place, he then and there offered Christ to the hearers. Several came forward as seekers of salvation ; they were instructed, and having received Christ, were forthwith baptized, and have continued faithful ever since. Among these were religious *fakirs* or mendicants, who became traveling preachers (unpaid) of the gospel.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, as an elevating and regenerating agency, holds a place second only to the public preaching of the gospel. There is a philosophy underlying this which it is well to emphasize. The Hindu sacred scriptures profess to teach science as well as theology ; they contain crude and erroneous theories concerning the commonest phenomena. The earth, according to them, is flat ; there is an immensely high mountain in the centre of it, and it is the disappearance of the heavenly bodies behind this mountain which makes day and night. There are seven concentric seas upon the earth, one of these being a sea of milk. The eclipse of sun or moon is caused by the attempt of a giant demon to swallow up these bodies. Such are some of the authoritative teachings of the Hindu scriptures. The diffusion of true knowledge in dispelling these crude notions, really unhinges their traditional faith, and it needs only the positive inculcation of Bible truth to build up a true faith upon the ruins of the false and the puerile.

The Educational method has not a few opponents,

however. In a recent article in a public religious journal, Mr. Goffin thus criticises this form of missionary work: "It would, indeed, be a singular thing if schools and colleges conducted by earnest, enlightened Christian men were not doing a good work. But is that a reason why *missionaries* should feel themselves called upon to engage in it? Are Missionary Societies so constituted that anything which looks like a good work and which tends in the direction of Christianity, may be taken up and carried on by them? If so, I wonder how it is that some Society, observing that railways are a missionary agency, in breaking down caste, prejudice, etc., does not at once conclude that it is its duty to construct a missionary railway, with Christian missionaries as station-masters, guards or porters?"

The attempted analogy, however, fails in two particulars, demonstrating the shallowness of the reasoning,—Railway construction, though a good work is not necessarily or in itself conducive to spiritual regeneration,—Religious (Bible) education is; again, others, beside the Missionary, can run a Railroad, but no one beside the Missionary will undertake to educate upon a religious basis. Hence, such sweeping and hasty criticisms do not really touch the question.

There is, however, danger of the missionary educationist losing sight of the great end in view, and becoming content with the successful achievement of the

means. There is also the risk of being led away by an emulative ambition to outvie the secular Institutions around, and this danger is greatest in the prosecution of what is called "The Higher Education." Here tests and standards of proficiency, the ordeal of examinations and the plaudits of victory, divert, bewilder and intoxicate, and very insensibly the great end is lost sight of, and the arena of educational tournament entered. Of course, the Bible is read, and a form of religion is maintained, but the spirit is extinct. What wonder if such Institutions are barren in spiritual results? What wonder if the missionary directors of such places become fossilized, dead,—provoking the criticism of their colleagues in directly Evangelistic work.

That such an end, however, is by no means a necessary result of the educational method, is demonstrated by the success which has attended the labors of the true missionary teacher. It was Alexander Duff who first emphasized mental enlightenment as a successful evangelizer, and he demonstrated the truth of the propositions by actual success. From the noble Institution founded by him, went forth not only scholars of the highest culture, but Christian preachers and teachers such as Gopi Nath Nandy, Behari Lal Dey, C. Banerjea, and Ram Chandra Bose. The fact is, the converts of this Institution, in respect alike of their high caste, superior mental endowments, devoted piety and Christian zeal

and usefulness, have, as a body, no superior, and few parallels.

But Duff unfolds his own secret. He planted his Institution, watered it, expanded it, matured it,—not for the sake of educating,—to make fine scholars,—but to win souls to Christ. This was his first, his middle, his final object. And he succeeded. Thus may the missionary educationist succeed to-day, as indeed many are achieving success. But this can only be done by a stern determination to avoid the inviting race of competition with secular schools, and in rigidly keeping before the mind, the thought that the success of *missionary* education is to be measured not by the strength of the graduating class, but by the number of souls brought to Christ.

An example of the power of true knowledge to undermine the error of traditionary faith is found in the following interesting narrative. Thirty years before the great rebellion of 1857, when there was but little mental activity in India, two young men, a Brahman and a Mahomedan, were employed as teachers in a Government school at Ahmednuggur. Their English education had undermined their respective beliefs, and overthrown their traditional usages, so that these two friends lived together, ate together and with other low caste persons. Thus situated, the Holy Ghost poured light into their darkened minds, and revealed to them their lost condition. They

knew not what to do since they had no missionary enlightenment or help. They accordingly sought rest for their souls in a sort of Deism, evolved out of their own thoughts and from books on natural religion. They obtained a book of Christian prayers, and having erased the name of Jesus Christ, used them in their devotions.

At this juncture, Dr. Duff, visiting the American Mission at Ahmednuggur, delivered a lecture to the Europeans and English speaking natives upon the evidences of Christianity. The two men were struck, enlightened, convinced, and after a sanguinary struggle, resolved to embrace the truth. They stood up for baptism together, the Brahman and the Mahomedan. Six years afterward the latter was ordained a minister of the gospel, while his friend devoted himself as a teacher and writer. To-day the former is the able Mahratti editor of the *Dnyanodaya*, in Bombay, the latter a zealous missionary in Satara.

This narrative illustrates the destructive work which the diffusion of knowledge upon a non-religious basis is doing; it unhinges the faith of the student, but offers him nothing instead. Herein appears the necessity of associating the Bible with the work of education; so that, as the hold is relaxed from rotten straw and stubble, the hand may lay hold upon the eternal cable of safety.

Thus directed and helped, the rescued soul may become the germ of a broad harvest. Mr. Hume, a

missionary in Western India, recently related the following encouraging incident. More than twenty years ago a student from a remote village, in Northern India, came to Bombay, and entered the Institution of the Free Church of Scotland. He was led to Christ, and with his new treasure, returned like the eunuch of Candace, to his own country. He told his story, men and women listened, believed and professed faith in Christ. His brothers came to Bombay, were baptized and returned to their village. A little congregation of thirty or more through their preaching believed, and formed themselves into a church. Until March, 1883, no missionary other than these brothers had visited the village. Then Mr. Hume was persuaded to go, and found the Christian congregation, though still unbaptized. On his first visit the missionary baptized seventeen persons, and thirteen again, a few months later. A plot of ground has been selected for a church, and the building commenced upon. The native church in Bombay have sent a missionary to this region, whose expenses are all borne by this noble band of disciples.

THE PRESS cannot but be recognized as another of the vital factors of power in the great work of evangelization. There is no religion besides Christianity, which lays such stress upon the necessity of widely disseminating its scriptures. Hence, the primal need for the enlistment of the Press. The publication of the Holy Scriptures, in

whole and in portions, in the various languages and dialects of India, necessitate the fullest employment of this agency.

But in addition to this, a Christian literature must be created and carried forward. This must have respect to two classes of persons—those who are within and those who are without the fold of the Christian Church,—the first devotional and confirmatory, the latter, polemical and apologetic. The growing native Christian Church needs to be nourished, fed, strengthened, and this must be done by placing before it a wholesome and nutritious literature. The want of appetite which exists in this direction, can only be remedied by careful education and by bringing within reach a literature at once interesting, edifying and inexpensive.

For the masses of non-Christians, a series of concise, attractive and inexpensive books or tractates reviewing existing systems of religion in a kindly but candid spirit, and demonstrating the truth of the religion of Christ, is the need of the hour. Valuable contributions have been made, and the foundation of a purely indigenous literature has already been laid by competent men, such as Rev. Nehemiah Nilkanth Goreh, and Maulvi Safdar Ali; and the work is in course of rapid enlargement.

As to the distributive agency, sale at cheap prices is now almost entirely superseding the system of gratuitous distribution formerly in vogue. This is found to be pro-

ductive of enlarged interest on the part of the recipients, so that, except hand bills and tracts of two or four pages which are scattered broadcast over the land, no gratuitous distribution exists. But the price fixed is, in every case, low,—not equalling the cost price, even in the sale of scriptures. It is a significant fact that since the general adoption of the system of sale, the circulation of this class of literature has largely increased.

The Rev. G. O. Newport, of Madras, gives the following facts as to the circulation of religious literature in Southern India:—"We find that during the past ten years, about 7,223,400 Tamil, 1,300,400 Telugu, 321,200 Malayala, 728,000 Kanarese, 42,200 Hindustani, 7600 Mahratti and 220 Guzerati publications have been issued, making a total of 9,623,020; and that thus an average of about a million per year are in current circulation in South India."

This is a good exhibition, but the power of the Press in India is only in the dawn. This has a two-fold work to do, to wake up the dormant mental activity of a sluggish people, and then, when the appetite is created, to provide a suitable supply for it.

MEDICAL WORK is another of the engines used by the missionary to commend the gospel of Christ, the Great Physician. In a country like India, where the density of the population, the poverty of the people, the absence of all sanitary regard and regulation and the frequent sweep

of devastating epidemics, expose human life to more than the ordinary risks of disease and death, with far less means at command, in the form of competent medical skill, to meet the emergency,—the combination of the knowledge of healing, with missionary zeal and energy, cannot but prove an appreciated boon. Dr. Batchelor, a missionary from Midnapore, says,—“In our preaching to the heathen, we largely fail in making them understand what Christianity really is; we say ‘thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,’ and they respond, ‘yes, that is a noble sentiment,’ but they do not understand it because they have never seen it illustrated. Called out of bed at night, not complaining that needed rest is broken; watching by the side of the sick and dying, inspiring courage and hope, affording such aid as we may be able, we may say, this is what we mean. Go thou and do likewise. It is asked, *who* may practice medicine? I reply, he who knows how, and he who can. Have you that faith, which is the gift of God, that may heal the sick? Use it. With the fact that it is not popular, that many have no faith in it, you have nothing to do. The question is, can *you* do it? If you can, do it in the Master’s name, and let no man forbid you. If you know one remedy for a given disease and can use it, do so without stopping to raise the question of authority.”

Dr. Scudder, of Vellore, adds—“Even a partial knowledge of medicine is an unparalleled power for a Mission-

ary in India. The heart of that man who is freely treated for sickness has been gained by the Christian preacher. In a village visited for several years with little effect, I saw a boy with a tumour and lanced it successfully. I was always welcomed in that village afterward. Another time, a brother of mine, not a doctor, was called to see a woman in sickness. He relieved her, and at that place we have one of our best village churches with one hundred members."

The Establishment of Hospitals and Dispensaries, and the training up of native medical assistants, men and women, are the natural channels into which the medical missionary work flows and amplifies, each in turn assuming proportions of magnitude and importance.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY WORK is not so much another method of missionary work, as a separate department comprising in measure all the methods here referred to. It has its directly evangelistic, its educational and its medical sections,—together comprising a missionary force whose effectiveness is only surpassed by the vast need which has called it into existence. When it is remembered that more than half of the immense non-Christian population of India is female, that centuries of exclusion and ignorance within the walls of the Zenána have extinguished all mental activity and almost every spiritual aspiration from the mind and heart of the Hindu woman, that the social gulf existing between different

castes, between the two sexes in the same caste, between brother and sister, and husband and wife in the same family, are so wide and deep as to preclude utterly the percolation of a regenerating knowledge from one caste to another, from one household to its neighbor, and even from the males to the females of the same household,—the necessity for a house to house, heart to heart work among the women of India, is demonstrated. The Male Missionary is of course incompetent for this,—even the Medical Missionary may not pierce the *pardah* of the Zenána, to save a human life; *—hence the necessity of a Woman's Christian Mission.

“Woman's work in England and America,” says Miss Thoburn, of Lucknow, “is economy, a division of labor that results may be greater and more readily attained; but woman's work in India is a *necessity*, without which a wide field must remain uncultivated.” We would go further, and affirm that the mission work in India has

* J. Talboys Wheeler relates an incident in his *Indian Tales* which illustrates this: An English physician, named Fryer, was summoned from Bombay to Joonere, to attend the Mogal governor's family. One of the ladies of the Zenána was sick. The Astrologers were first consulted and fixed a lucky day for the interview. Then a healthy damsel was put in a bed carefully shut round with curtains, and the wrist held out for the physician to feel her pulse. This was to test his skill. The doctor at once detected the cheat. Then he was introduced to the real patient and treated her successfully. Cases even of such *pardah* treatment of Zenána women by male physicians, are exceedingly rare.

arrived at a point where it can press its victories no farther upon the mass, except there move in parallel lines the advancing column of female evangelization. Miss Greenfield, of Ludiana, Panjáb, in speaking on this subject before the Calcutta Missionary Conference of 1882, did not overstate the case when she said,—“In listening to the eloquent speeches of our brethren on the important topics that have already occupied the attention of this conference, I have been struck by this fact that speaker after speaker has urged that by bazaar preaching, by higher education, and other branches of mission work, you are dealing heavy blows at the head of the gigantic form of heathenism, which it is our mission to meet and to conquer. ‘Higher education,’ we are told, ‘was to slay Hinduism through its brain,’—though it has not done so yet. My sisters, you and I in all our woman’s weakness and conscious insufficiency are here in India to strike the death blow, not at the monster’s *head*, but at his *HEART*, and by God’s help, we shall drain out his life-blood yet. For I believe that the heart of Hinduism is not in the mystic teaching of the Vedas or Shastras, not in the finer spun philosophy of its modern exponents, not even in the bigoted devotion of its religious leaders, but enshrined in the homes, in the family life and in the hereditary customs of the people; fed, preserved, and perpetuated by the wives and mothers of India.* Let us,

* “There can be no reasonable doubt but that the religious fairs and fes-

in our Master's name, lay our hand on the hand that rocks the cradle, and tune the lips that sing the lullabies. Let us win the mothers of India for Christ, and the day will not be long deferred when India's sons also shall be brought to the Redeemer's feet.

"The *Panjábis* have a proverb to the effect that a carriage cannot run with only one wheel, and use it to illustrate the fact that man and wife must pull together if the household is to prosper. I think the Mission chariot is no exception to this rule; that even though you may consider woman's work a very small wheel, like the little wheel of the bicycle, still that little wheel bears an important share in the general progress; and I venture to think further that your carriage will be all the steadier and run more safely, when the two wheels are of *equal* size, and run on *parallel lines*, instead of *one behind the other*."

The advance of evangelization in India is nowhere so marked as in the woman's work. Doors of opportunity have been flung open, the ramparts of incarceration stormed and scaled, and the Lady Missionary is now a welcome visitor in the *Zenánas*. The difficulty is not now to find an entrance, but to find qualified and consecrated women to enter the open doors. The great work, however, is only just begun, and before this evangelizing rivals of the country are maintained mainly through the influence of Hindu women."—*Madras Census Report*.


force there waits the most wonderful revolution which the world has ever seen.

The work among the YOUNG, being done by THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, is among the most recent developments of mission work, but by no means the least important. Until recently it was not believed that the students of our Mission Schools could be gathered together on Sundays solely for religious instruction, and as to being able to collect children for Sunday instruction apart from and without the inter-medium of the day school,—such a thing was inconceivable. Yet both these are not only possible, but demonstrated to be entirely practicable. To illustrate this, the Rev. B. H. Badley, of Lucknow, notes that in Sitapúr, in 1868, there was but one Sunday School with ten scholars. In 1872, the Missionary in charge wrote, “We find it impossible to maintain Sunday Schools without secular schools as a basis.” In 1882, ten years later, the Missionary reports *for the same field*, twenty-eight Sunday Schools attended by one thousand one hundred and three scholars.

The practicability of such schools being demonstrated, their importance is beyond question. To leaven the young mind with true knowledge, to undermine error and false teaching, before these have grown into gnarled roots imbedded in the soil, to lay the foundation, intellectually at least, of the true faith in the mind of the young, are sufficient to commend this work to the Mis-

sionary, even if no immediate saving results be manifest. But there is no reason to doubt that faithful labor may reap even this result. Mr. Badley narrates the following:—"In one of our city Sunday Schools, was a boy of fourteen, Sita Rám, the son of a carpenter. He attended Sunday School regularly, opened his heart to the truths taught, became deeply interested in the lessons and hymns, and was a model scholar. He fell sick and was soon brought to the point of death. He sent for the Catechist and asked him to read to him of Jesus and to sing the Sunday School hymns once more. The Catechist read and sang and prayed. The boy said to his sorrowing relatives, 'Don't weep for me; I have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ, and he is calling me home;' and thus he passed away. He still leaves in the memory of all who knew him an illustration of the power of the Bible to awaken, and of Christ to save. His sister, older than he, continued to attend the girl's Sunday School, and manifested her interest in the gospel in many ways; this year she also passed away, and I doubt not has joined Sita Ram in the 'happy land,' of which they learned in the Sunday School. The other members of the family are now candidates for baptism."

Encouraging progress has been made in the extension of this hopeful work, and in the Methodist Missions alone there is now an army of eighteen thousand Sunday-school pupils and teachers, receiving regular religious instruc-



tion, and this is only the small beginning of a work whose importance it is not possible to overstate. In its expansive possibilities, the Sunday School work has indeed but a single limitation, the want of sincere and consecrated teachers,*—the actual working expense of a school being so small as to hardly constitute a feature of serious consideration.

Such are the methods and agencies employed by the diligent Missionary for the accomplishment of his great work. The end, the ultimate purpose, before him is *one*,—the evangelization of the multitude;—the methods of operation, many and diverse. Whether preaching in the streets or bazaars, itinerating in the villages, expounding the truth in some lowly church, teaching in the day school, superintending translations of God's word, directing the press, originating a literature, visiting the zenánas, or leading a Sunday School of ragged boys or girls under a tree or within a house,—the faithful husbandman is sowing good seed in expectation of a sure and speedy harvest. Going forth, bearing precious seed, it may be with weeping, he "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." DOUBT-

* The ideal teacher for the Sunday School is a voluntary laborer,—a man or woman truly converted and consecrated, devoting himself to this work for the love of it. When this class of teachers is not available in sufficient force, the Missionary is compelled to content himself with less effective and promising instrumentality; even such supply, however, is limited.

LESS; this is the Divine security against failure, the absolute guarantee for ultimate victory!

What are the results, thus far, of these arduous and diversified labors? Notwithstanding the difficulties of the field, the long continued unfriendliness if not antagonism of the Government, the inadequacy of the missionary force, there are to-day no less than six hundred thousand Protestant Christians in the Native Christian Church of India, Burmah and Ceylon.* That this harvest is not due, mainly, to the labors of the heroic pioneers of the gospel in India, but that a healthy and encouraging growth is in progress, is demonstrated by a comparison between the statistics of previous decades, which shows that the rates of increase from 1851 to 1861, was fifty-three per cent.; from 1861 to 1871, sixty-one per cent.; while from 1871 to 1881, it was eighty-six per cent.

* In 1881, the N. C. Church was divided as follows:

Madras	299,742
Bengal	83,583
Burmah	75,510
Ceylon	35,708
Bombay	11,691
N. W. Province	10,390
Central India	4,885
Punjab	4,672
Oudh	1,329
	<hr/>
	527,510

The number of actual communicants may be set down at one hundred and fifty thousand, and here, too, an inspiring advance is manifest. The number of communicants nearly doubled in the first decade, and more than doubled in the two following decades. In every city, in almost every town of India, you may meet with churches and congregations of devout native Christians, and though you may not understand their speech, there is a language which you cannot misunderstand,—the language of the tear-dimmed eye, the heaven-lit brow, the throbbing breast, as laying his hand upon his heart, and lifting his right arm before God; the grateful, devoted convert thus testifies—"Whereas I was once blind, now I see!"

But the work going forward is not to be measured by tabulated statistics,—it is too deep, too broad, too still, for arithmetical observation and measurement. The powerful leaven of the gospel is working its way into the masses, and its influence may be traced in diverse forms and different degrees of revolutionary power. Individuals, far away from any mission station or agent, have received a stray seed of truth into the heart, but this seed has remained and borne fruit, though no servant of Christ has known of it. A young man in Southern Orissa told some Baptist Missionaries the following story about his father: "About two years ago, my father put a quantity of merchandise upon his bullock's back, and went on a three day's journey into the district to attend a market.

While there he met a friend of his from another village, from the opposite direction. This friend said to him, 'I have three little books teaching a new religion.' He showed them to my father, and my father asked him to give him one, and he did. When he got home, he put away his bullocks, and washed his feet, and sat down to read his book, and that book perfectly bewitched my father. In a few days he had lost his appetite, and as he read the book, we noticed great big tears trickling down his cheeks, and he became altogether a changed man, his face looked so sorrowful and sad. We thought father was bewitched by that book, and we must burn the book and mix the ashes in water and give it to him to drink to take the witches out of him; but he guarded the book and we could not get at it. As he read, sirs, a still more wonderful change came over him; his tears dried up, his face became happy, and his appetite returned, and he took food as usual. But he would not go to the idol temple any more, and he would not have any thing more to do with Hinduism or the Hindu religion. Well, sirs, father died a year ago; but when he was dying the Brahman came and stood about the door, and wanted to come in and get their presents, but father waved them away with his hand and said, 'No Brahman's are needed here,—I need not your help;' and he would not allow a Brahman to set foot inside his house. Then, when we saw the end was approaching, my mother, my brothers,

and myself, gathered around, and said, 'Father, you are dying, you are dying; do call on Krishna, for you are dying.' He looked up with a pleasant smile, and said, 'My boy, I have a better name than that,—the name of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, of whom I read in my little book; that is a better name than Krishna.' And my father died, sirs, with the name of Jesus Christ on his lips."

That such precious fruit may be borne even within the dark walls of the Zenána dungeon, is demonstrated by the touching incident of a girl in Calcutta, who, when dying, called for water and solemnly baptized herself in the name of Jesus; then, placing an open Bible over her head, as a token of crowning, she trustfully committed herself to the Redeemer of the world, and breathed her last.

Such examples of the power of the gospel are not confined to individuals; whole communities and societies have been discovered in remote parts of India, acknowledging Christ as the true and only Saviour, and believing in His word. Almost every missionary of experience has instances of this kind to narrate, and while sometimes foolish vagaries are found intertwined in the faith of these quasi-Christian communities, there is, nevertheless, a hopeful and significant strand of gospel light and trust bound up with the rotten threads of error. Sometimes, companies of *fakirs* or religious mendicants are

found acknowledging Christ as their *Satya Guru*, or True Teacher. They sing Christian hymns, pray, read the gospels, and teach others to do the same. Some years ago, I met three Hindu *fakirs* in a sequestered village, openly professing Christ as their Lord and Saviour, with a band of no less than two hundred disciples. They were accustomed to meet regularly for prayer and singing and reading of a portion of the gospels. This society had been organized by the oldest *fakir*, then about eighty years old, who, while a young man, had received and read a part of the New Testament, and had received the truth in simplicity and power.

The mighty, yet for a time silent, working of the gospel leaven is illustrated further by the frequent mass movements which have occurred in the history of mission work in India. Among the Karens, the Santhāls, the Shanars and other tribes in India, the fruit of the toils of years has been gathered in by handfuls in a single day. Take the following as an example: "In 1853, a missionary and his native preacher visited Ongole, seventy-seven miles north of Nellore, and were reviled and stoned. In 1865, twelve years after, that missionary and another visited Ongole, and the second missionary remained and became resident. In 1867, a church was organized at Ongole, with eight members. On March 15, 1878, the little church numbered one hundred and ten, and the missionary says that he was not baptizing anybody, though

fifteen hundred persons, from near and far, requested baptism. On June 6, 1878, after careful examinations conducted through months, Mr. Clough, the resident missionary, and his native assistants, commenced baptizing the persons clamoring for it. One day, they baptized two thousand two hundred and twenty-two. Between July 6th and 16th, they baptized eight thousand six hundred and ninety-one."

" Tinnevely, in the extreme southern part of India, was the scene of a like marvelous movement. After twenty years of preparatory toil, in seven months, more than sixteen thousand souls placed themselves voluntarily under instruction, with a view to Christian baptism."* Sir John Lawrence, the wise administrator, the thoughtful observer, the devout Christian, has left this record of his opinion:—" It seems to me that, year by year, and cycle by cycle, the influence of these missionaries must increase, and that in God's good will, the time may be expected to come, when large masses of the people, having lost all faith in their own, and feeling the want of a religion which is pure and true and holy, will be converted and profess the Christian religion; and, having professed it, live in accordance with its precepts."

Passing from quantity to quality, we inquire for a moment as to the actual character of the work wrought by the gospel in India. Survey the individual convert

* J. T. Gracey's *India*, p. 149.

and take into view his situation and circumstances. Here is the average Hindu,—thoughtless and self-satisfied, walking in the traditions of his fathers, totally without care or concern of any kind with regard to his future. Hearing, for the first time, the proclamation of the truth, conviction fastens upon him, and he is deeply stirred in spirit. He hears of human guilt and sin, of the infinite justice of God which can by no means clear the guilty, and in the depth of his soul there is born the anguished cry—"What must I do to be saved?" The preacher then descants upon the love of God and of the sacrifice of Jesus, and dwells upon the richness and breadth of the promise—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." And alongside of the guilty terror, there is begotten in the man's soul a new hope, which thrills his being.

With these feelings aroused and in conflict, he repairs to his home. Thoughtfully, abstractedly, he stands in the centre of the old domestic circle. There is the old patriarch, his father, at whose feet he has sat for two-score years; there is his aged mother, bowed under the weight of years, already tottering on the edge of the grave; there are brothers and sisters, in loving companionship with whom his life has been spent; there is his wife, tenderly beloved, and there are his own children, caressed and cherished. Standing in the centre of that domestic circle, and looking round, there comes to him

this stupendous, overwhelming question : " Will you give up all these and—follow Christ ? " We have heard of sanguinary struggles, we have read of Waterloo and Gettysburg and of other fierce fields of earthly carnage, but, mark, in that man's soul *a Gettysburg is being fought*, whose terrible fierceness no earthly conflict ever paralleled. We recall the sublime faith of the patriarch,—the altar of rough and unhewn stones, the first-born bound and laid thereon, the sharp knife, gleaming at one moment above the patriarch's head, in the next—sheathed in the heart of the only son,—had not God averted the blow ! Behold here, however, a spectacle still more sublime. The altar of sacrifice, rough, jagged and frowning ; upon it are laid father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and wife and children, and home and kindred, and a thousand cherished bonds and associations. There stands the convicted Hindu with the knife of sacrifice gleaming in his hand. Help him, O God of Truth, in this hour of trial ! One cry for succour, one look of earnest imploration, and see,—the knife descends, and pierces *his own soul* to its tenderest core, as self-crucified, dead, he goes forth, turning his back upon all earthly treasures and possessions, with his choice upon his lips in a single word,—CHRIST !

What may we expect to be the quality of such a discipline ? And in truth, his life, his career of devoted usefulness, his death of holy triumph, bear out fully these anticipations. Mr. A. H. Baynes refers to but a specimen

case when he says, "I shall never forget as long as I live that day when, in the glow of the eventide, as the sun was sinking and the mists were creeping over the land, I walked with one of our native brethren by the river side, and saw a light in the dim distance, when he said to me, 'Yonder is the only Christian in all that great town.' Ten years ago, he received Christ into his heart; his father and mother turned him out; his friends forsook him; his neighbors persecuted him, and all these years he has stood his ground, scarcely getting food to eat. During all these ten years he maintained his Christian character unspotted in the midst of the heathen around him, and the native brother said to me, 'Now his business is reviving, because people say he sells the best things, and always means what he says.' I entered his humble hut, and sat down upon the ground by his side, and as I discoursed about his loneliness and his sadness, the tears sprang into his eyes, and he said, 'No, I am never lonely, for as Christ was with the Hebrew children, and as He was with Daniel in the lion's den, so all these years has He been with me.'"

While many hold forth the torch of a holy example in lowly life, others have risen to prominent and devoted usefulness in honorable positions, foremost among whom is the Christian pastor and preacher. Already does the force of the ordained native Christian agent exceed the foreign, and this force is relatively on the increase with

rapid strides. Among these preachers and pastors are persons no whit behind any body of men in vigor, devotion and usefulness. "The theological Seminary of the Karens has been left in charge of natives and suffered no loss. In the Jaffna College of Ceylon, and in the Tamil seats of learning, natives have been successful professors. In the great Conference of Christian Missionaries at Allahabad, Calcutta and elsewhere, Christian converts from various castes of Hindus and Mahomedans sat side by side as peers with graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, Princeton, Williams and Middletown Universities."

When tried in the furnace, they exhibit the most exalted qualities of the Christian hero and martyr. I have known of two *Panjabi* itinerating preachers of singular devotion and zeal, brutally assaulted, knocked down and trampled upon while preaching. Yet when the mob were arrested and brought to trial, they besought their release with such tender earnestness, as awed and moved the people, and left such an impression of the truth of the religion they professed upon the minds of the people, as can never be effaced.

Gopi Nāth Nandy, a pupil of Dr. Duff's and the respected native missionary of Futtehpore, with his wife, passed through the fiery ordeal of the terrible Sepoy rebellion unscathed. Led before the cruel despot who then usurped authority in that part of India, and before whom Christian blood was constantly flowing, he was required summarily

to recant his faith or die. His wife, apart from her husband, was subjected to the same trial. Both proved faithful unto death, and, although a merciful Providence saved their lives, they proved their loyalty to Jesus in the severest ordeal which can visit the believer.

The character of the work in its broader relations to the people at large, presents a view equally inspiring and hopeful. Reforms, social, moral and religious, of the highest magnitude, are among the fruit of missionary labor. The legislative enactments against human sacrifices, infanticide, widow burning, a thousand cruelties and tortures practised for ages in the name of religion, are the offspring of evangelical activity, the fruit of the prayers and toils of Christian missionaries. The India of to-day is as unlike the India of a century ago as two totally different countries can be. The dark shadows of superstition have lifted, and the light of the glorious gospel has begun to shine upon the benighted continent. Nowhere is the change so marked as in the domestic relations of the Hindu. For ages, women have been debased, degraded, down trodden. Heathenism has no such word as HOME in its dark vocabulary, no such conception in its unnatural economy. The light of the gospel, however, is piercing into the stagnant dungeons of the Zenána, lighting up the darkened minds of the women, and preparing them to take their position as the sinews of a regenerated society. Sister, wife, mother, are beginning to

express a significance of meaning, never before compassed in the phraseology of natural kinship. The sacred bonds and associations of home are already founded upon the eternal foundations of gospel truth, and a superstructure of social regeneration may soon be confidently looked for. Thus the household, the community, the nation, have felt the life-thrill of the gospel, and, casting off the shackles of superstition and darkness, have already felt the first glow of the transfiguration which is at hand.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" From the above review, it will be evident that the actual and ascertained results, measurable by statistical facts, as well as the secretly permeating, yet potent in-working of the mighty forces of the gospel of Christ, demonstrate to a certainty that the work of India's regeneration is going forward surely and speedily. The hand of God is upon the heart of the nation, stricken with disease and blighted with eld,—and there is healing, regeneration and uplifting in his touch.

Yet, another question:—WHEN MAY THE DAY OF INDIA'S REDEMPTION BE EXPECTED? The answer to this question, and the responsibility involved in it, remains with the Church of God which stands at the back of the missionary. Let the Church be cold, spiritless and formal, heartless in prayer, feeble in faith, selfish and straitened in her gifts and offerings, and that day may be deferred to distant decades and generations yet unborn.

But let the Sacramental Host of God awake to its responsibility, and grasping the horns of the altar with holy earnestness and unwavering faith, lay itself, with its talents and treasures, upon the altar of sacrifice, determined to do its whole duty, and—who shall dare to say, that the day of final emancipation and glorious liberty for the nations that now sit in darkness, need be deferred a generation hence?

A tremendous responsibility descends upon the praying, professing Host of God. For the past centuries, the Church has been waiting upon its Great Head for the quickening of the world, praying upon bended knee and with uplifted hands,—“Thy Kingdom come.” How, if it should appear in the great day of account, that, while the Church was waiting upon God for the redemption of the world, God was waiting upon His Church, with the tender pleading of old—“Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” (Mal. iii. 10.) Is this not the very blessing we want,—a Pentecostal effusion, an overflow of Divine plenitude and power that shall overrun the nations and bring in a reign of righteousness and peace?

What is the solemn demand upon the Church by the Great Head, in view of this stupendous emergency? A

practical consecration and a mighty faith! There are men and women to-day, in the rear ranks of the Church who ought to be laboring for God and lost souls in the van of the missionary force. The Lord has spoken to them, the Holy Ghost has planted a seal upon their brow and unfolded a commission before their eyes, but alas! they have not obeyed. In the great Sepoy rebellion of 1857, the focus of mutiny naturally centred at Delhi, the seat of the old Mogal Kings. It became the key of the whole rebellion; all eyes were turned towards that capital of crime. Delhi must be taken at all costs, and that speedily. The conflagration raged on every side, but here was the vital point. At last Delhi is invested; and shot and shell play fiercely upon the doomed city. In a week the breaches are practicable, and the terrible assault is ordered. On that day, the post of honor and of danger is assigned to General Nicholson, who is to blow up the Cashmere gate and storm with sword and bayonet, the most deadly quarter of the city. He goes forth gallantly to his allotted duty. The gate is reached with a loud huzza, amid a blinding storm of bullets. "Who shall lay the train to storm that gate of brass?" He is certain to be destroyed, but volunteers rush to the front in an instant. One man is chosen, but no sooner does he move forward, than he is shot down. Another and another gallantly take the hero's place and meet with the hero's death. At last the fearful charge is laid, and all is ready. "Who

shall fire the train?" See, they are ready by scores to leap into the jaws of death, and the list of heroes swells grimly before the work is done. But it *is* done, and then, through bursting gates and tottering walls, and blinding smoke and hurtling bullets, and a pandemonium of diabolical yells and shrieks, the victorious host cleave their way and Delhi is stormed, though the brave Nicholson falls to rise no more.

If Delhi represent the world of heathenism, then is India the Cashmere gate of the grim fortress. In this storming of the very key and citadel of heathenism, shall the great Captain call for volunteers, and none respond? Shall it be said in the courts of heaven, in the dungeons of hell, that Jesus led the van of the mighty assault, but when the gate was reached, there was none to lay the charge, to fire the train, at his behest? The cry along the line of God's anointed host is for volunteers, who will go forth to dare, to do, and if needs be to die, for the redemption of the world. Consecration, in a word, of body, soul and spirit,—of the whole living being,—for the service of this holy sacrifice upon the altar of a world's regeneration.

Consecration, moreover, of substance and possession; of the Church's temporal treasure in a sense and measure unknown since the days of the first Pentecost. The Church needs her first lesson over again in the great work of holy beneficence. This whole phraseology, with

the idea which it covers, of "sparing" so much for the Lord's cause is miserably attenuated, bedwarfed and anti-scriptural. It is what you *shall sacrifice*, not what you *can spare*, which the Lord accepts. His eye is not upon what you offer, but upon what remains after the offering is made; and many claim to give the widow's mite, who have no right to the sacred title, for "she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

The fact is, we want more alabaster boxes broken, and the precious ointment poured out, in holy recklessness, at the feet of Jesus. Mary surveys the beautiful box as she prepares to go to her Lord, and One hisses in her ear, "Why, Mary, you cannot take *that* to Jesus; it is the most precious thing you have got." One look of hesitation, and then I see Mary tower up to the full height of loving consecration, as she resolutely takes the box, saying—"Yes, it is the most precious thing I have, and THEREFORE it shall be given to Jesus."

And now she approaches her Lord, and thoughts deep and unutterable fill her soul, and so, unheeding the beauty of the box and the cost of the ointment,—absorbed indeed with but one passion,—she shatters the box and pours the ointment upon his feet. Is it any wonder that the Lord pronounced upon her the warmest encomium that ever fell from his lips—"She hath done what she could;" while angels picked up the fragments of that

broken alabaster box to teach the Church her duty of consecration. "The room was filled with the odour of the ointment;"—the Christian world has been filled with the odour of that grateful sacrifice, and its precious aroma is with us to-day.

Yes, consecration of ourselves and our substance,—the best of our powers and our possessions for God! The breaking of beautiful alabaster boxes, at present laid away for selfish uses, opened now and then with trembling hand and a few drops of the precious ointment poured out at the feet of Jesus, with a timid fearfulness lest we exceed the limits of a judicious moderation. Away with the cold calculation of a Judas; let the Church emulate the holy consecration of Mary. Then shall prayer gather strength, and faith take wings, and hope receive an inspiration, until the chariot wheels of salvation, no longer dragging through the mire heavily, shall speed upon their way, freighted with rich benediction upon the nations of the earth; until the dawning in the East shall brighten, and the Sun of Righteousness, appearing above the horizon, shall ascend to the meridian in glory and strength, while all the peoples of the earth shall rejoice in His light; until this globe, so long belted with blackness, shall be girded with glory, and South shall join hands with North, and East with West in a doxology of universal praise; until the sad imploration of the Church for weary centuries past, "Thy Kingdom

come," shall be transformed into the joyful anthem, "The Kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdoms of Our Lord and of His Christ;" until the Lord Himself, once delivered for our offences and wounded for our transgressions, shall be enthroned; and, with Praise for a diadem and Power for a sceptre, shall reign supremely and forever;—

"Until this land, so dear, so sorrowed o'er,
With all its load of misery and sin,
After long ages of transgression, turn,
And pierced in heart with love the shaft of Kings,
Fall down and bathe His blessed feet with tears;
Then rise, and to the listening world tell out
Her deep repentance and her new-found joy!

* * * * *
O day of days! far off its coming shone
The hope of ages past; O joy of joy,
To see it come at length! O double joy,
If we have watched and wept and toiled and prayed,
'Mid the deep darkness of the night of tears,
To speed the advent of that morn of joy,
Whose sun, once risen, shall never more go down
While the Lord God Omnipotent doth reign,
And the great ages roll, in golden calm,
Through the high Sabbath of Eternity."*

* By Dr. Murray Mitchell; read at the Decennial Missionary Conference, at Calcutta, 1882.

THE END.

